

OMEN III

"THE FINAL CONFLICT"

Screenplay by

Andrew Birkin

A Harvey Bernhard Production
in association with Mace Neufeld

THIRD DRAFT
January 3, 1980

Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean;
The world has grown grey from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean,
And fed on the fullness of death.
Laurel is green for a season,
And love is sweet for a day;
But love grows bitter with treason,
And laurel outlives not May.

Swinburne, Hymn to Prosperine

"THE FINAL CONFLICT"

FADE IN

INT. SUBWAY - EXTENSION - DAY

1

A vast mechanical mole driller moves along a pair of rails towards the clay face of a tunnel. Its head consists of a huge wheel armed with blades, like a turbo-engine, revolving around a hollow snout. The head comes to rest against the clay. A pause, then the wheel starts to spin with a deafening ROAR, cutting into the clay.

At the rear end of the mole driller, a conveyor belt carries large lumps of debris clay back along the tunnel, watched by a couple of WORKMEN. One of them moves forward as he notices something.

1ST WORKMAN

(calling)

Hey, hold it!

The 2nd Workman shouts back above the roar of the drill:

2ND WORKMAN

What's the matter?

1ST WORKMAN

We hit something. Kill it a minute.

2ND WORKMAN

(calling to

Operator)

Kill it, Frank!

The two Workmen inspect the conveyor belt, which contains large chunks of brickwork among the lumps of clay. The ROAR of the drill stops.

1ST WORKMAN

(to 2nd Workman)

What is it?

2ND WORKMAN

(shrugging)

Forget it. I thought we'd hit a bank vault or something.

A SUPERVISOR comes over to the SURVEYOR.

SUPERVISOR

What's going on?

Cont.

1ST WORKMAN

We hit some brickwork.

SURVEYOR

Oh, that's nothing -- just the foundations of the old Thorn Museum...

(shows the Supervisor the Plan Sheet)

See? That's the basement wall of the building there...or what was left of it after the fire.

SUPERVISOR

What fire?

SURVEYOR

Oh, years ago...some guy set fire to the Thorn Museum -- burnt the place to the ground.

SUPERVISOR

Nothing for us to worry about?

SURVEYOR

Hell no, the East River Park's the only thing up there now.

SUPERVISOR

(to 1st Workman)

Okay, let's go.

2ND WORKMAN

(calling)

Let's go, Frank!

SUPERVISOR

(to 2nd Workman)

I want you to take a look at the hydraulic on four, I think we need a new piston-head...

The 2nd Workman follows the Supervisor and Surveyor away, leaving the 1st Workman alone to watch the conveyor belt.

CLOSE SHOT: The blades of the mole digger begin to rotate, eating into the tunnel face and sucking great boulders of clay into its hollow snout.

The 1st Workman stands by the conveyor belt, idly watching the monotonous hunk of debris flowing by. Again he spots something: a glint of metal, poking out from a large boulder of clay. He is about to call out, then changes his mind and hauls it off the belt as it passes him.

The boulder falls to the ground, breaking into lumps and revealing several metal objects as well as old bones, stained brown by the clay. The Workman kneels down and extracts one of the objects, rubbing the clay away with his fingers.

THEME and MAIN TITLE SUPERIMPOSE OVER the object in CLOSE SHOT: a rusty dagger, its handle bearing an effigy of Christ crucified on the Cross.

The Workman looks behind him to make sure no one is watching, then hides the dagger inside his overalls and hurriedly begins to salvage the others.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

2

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER). The Workman enters a pawn shop, goes to the counter, takes out a pouch and unties it. The Pawnbroker watches with disinterest as the Workman unrolls the pouch to reveal seven daggers, all identical to the one found in the subway.

EXT. PAWN SHOP AND STREET - NIGHT

3

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER). The seven daggers occupy a background position in the pawnbroker's display window. Presently the reflection of a Man appears in the glass between the daggers and the CAMERA, his eye roving over the contents in the window.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

4

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER). CLOSE SHOT: of the daggers as the Pawnbroker wraps them up, hands them to the Man in exchange for a \$100 bill.

INT. AUCTION ROOM - DAY

5

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER). CLOSE SHOT: of the daggers, now cleaned and restored, spread out on a velvet cloth before an Auctioneer. A Bearded Man at the back of the auction room bids for them without much opposition.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

6

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER). The daggers lie on a leather-top desk, next to several books opened at sections dealing with Christian Antiquities. In the b.g., the Bearded Man talks on the telephone.

EXT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - NEW YORK - DAY

7

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER). The Bearded Man pays off the Driver of a Yellow Cab, enters a church, carrying a briefcase.

INT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - VESTRY - DAY

8

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER) A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST examines the daggers, evidently aware of their significance. He thanks the BEARDED MAN who then goes, leaving the Priest alone with the daggers.

INT. AIRPORT DESK - DAY

9

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER) The Roman Catholic Priest presents his ticket at the Alitalia Desk for a New York/Rome flight.

EXT. AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT - DAY (STOCK)

10

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER) An Alitalia Boeing 747 in flight.

EXT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - ITALY - NIGHT

11

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER) A stark, crumbling monastery in Northern Italy.

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY DOOR - NIGHT

12

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER) A Black Benedictine Monk, PAULO, opens a small door set within a larger one. The Roman Catholic Priest enters, carrying a bag, and follows Paulo inside.

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - CRYPT - NIGHT

13

(MAIN THEME AND CREDITS CONTINUE OVER) The seven daggers lie on the altar of a dark crypt beneath the monastery. An older monk, FATHER DE CARLO, kneels before them in prayer.

The THEME MUSIC builds as De Carlo rises, gathers up the daggers in his hands, holds them before the Cross in silent blessing, then wraps them in a chamois pouch and places it inside a small tabernacle set into the wall of the crypt.

CAMERA HOLDS ON the tabernacle as De Carlo's hands ceremoniously close two little doors. Both doors are engraved on the outside, and when closed, they combine to depict an image of the Risen Christ.

END MAIN THEME AND CREDITS.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. VIEWING THEATRE - THORN COMMERCIAL - DAY 14

FADE UP ON the SOUND and VISION of a blizzard at full force, sweeping across a primeval desert canyon. The blizzard reaches its peak, then slowly begins to subside as twilight approaches, revealing a snow-covered landscape, devoid of life.

MIX TO:

The same landscape at night: a white wilderness, shimmering and still in the moonlight. A pseudoclassical MUSICAL SCORE FADES IN, followed by the VOICE of a NARRATOR well-versed in the art of supplying slick voice overs to commercials.

NARRATOR

(voice over)

Fifty thousand years ago, mankind faced its first major threat of extinction. A devastation wrought by nature. The Ice Age. It lasted five thousand years. Rendered four-fifths of the earth's surface uninhabitable. And wiped out all but the hardiest of nature's creations...

The darkened interior of a cave is illuminated by the first rays of dawn, picking out a series of primitive cave drawings on the wall.

NARRATOR

(voice over)

One of those few was man. From that devastation dawned a new age -- and a new hope. Phoenix-like, man arose from the frozen wilderness. And set forth upon his dream...

CAMERA PANS OFF the wall and ONTO the entrance of the cave. With cliched symbolism, it ZOOMS WITH the Narrator's words into the rising sun beyond.

MIX TO:

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT FROM a different sun, PANNING DOWN ONTO a VISTA SHOT OF an African plantation destroyed by drought.

NARRATOR

(voice over)

Mankind has endured many catastrophes since then, but none so grave as the one which faces him today. The economic crisis of the past decade has brought inflation, famine and chaos to every corner of the globe...

Cont.

A MONTAGE of STOCK SHOTS illustrates the narration: starving Blacks, diseased Children, civil uprisings, dole queues etc.

The commercial is being screened in a darkened viewing theatre, watched by a group of Businessmen.

NARRATOR

(voice over)

Some label it the Great Recession,
others are calling it Armageddon
-- that final upheaval of the
world foretold by the prophets
of old. But amid all the pessimism,
one voice rings out its faith
in the future. The voice of Thorn...

The commercial shows an impressive UPSHOT OF the Thorn Building:
a glittering skyscraper, shining like a beacon in the night
sky, its lighted windows forming a giant "T".

NARRATOR

(voice over)

Wherever famine or disease has
struck, the Thorn Corporation
has been first in the field...

A map of the world lights up with hundreds of bulbs indicating
the scope of Thorn overseas...

NARRATOR

(voice over)

...waging a relentless war on
want by channeling its resources,
technology and research into
projects that not only aid and
relieve the suffering, but lay
the foundation to the future
prosperity of all.

The Thorn Corporation's logo and two-bar jingle ends the
commercial, followed by the throaty, coaxing voice of a
2nd Narrator:

2ND NARRATOR

(voice over)

Thorn...the World's Leading
Light in Building a New Tomorrow.

The houselights come up in the viewing theatre as the end-
leader flashes through the projector.

Sitting in the front row is DAMIEN THORN. Now aged thirty-two,
Damien combines androgynous good looks with a disarming,
charismatic charm. There is an underlying sexuality to his
character, which attracts both men and women to him.

Sitting next to him are his personal aide, HARVEY DEAN, and his P.R. Chief, STIGWELL. The remaining Businessmen represent the Advertising Agency.

STIGWELL

(to Damien)

Well?

A pause.

DAMIEN

I make that four mixed metaphors, two split infinitives, and a floating gerundive.

The Businessmen laugh edgily.

STIGWELL

I don't think viewers pay too much attention to that kind of thing, Damien...

Damien gets up.

DAMIEN

No, you're right...and they won't pay much attention to that kind of sanctimonious bullshit either. I said I wanted action, not words. I want to see Thorn at work, not hear about it. A thousand starving kids clamouring for a bellyfull of Thorn soya...Thorn medical teams at work, Thorn construction, Thorn engineering ...instead of which you spend half the commercial giving us a third grade potted history of the Ice Age.

A pause. Damien turns to Dean.

DAMIEN

Do we have any footage of the Australian Drought Relief?

DEAN

Yes, but nothing special, and most of it's been seen on TV already.

Damien considers a moment.

Cont.

DAMIEN

(to Stigwell)

All right, we'll find something for you. In the meantime, go on screening the old commercial -- I don't want that one to go out.

The Advertising Executives mumble "Good-bye, Mr. Thorn" as Damien coasts out of the viewing theatre, followed by Dean.

INT. THORN BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

15

Damien and Dean walk along the plush corridor back to Damien's office.

DAMIEN

What have we got coming up?

DEAN

Botswana next week, then the Aswan Dam at the end of the month.

INT. THORN BUILDING - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

16

Damien and Dean enter a reception office and walk on through into Damien's inner sanctum.

DAMIEN

Could we get a film unit down to Botswana in time?

DEAN

Sure, but we can't put our relief units in till after the coup, and no one's too sure how long that'll take.

INT. THORN BUILDING - DAMIEN'S OFFICE - DAY

17

Dean follows Damien into a large, panelled room, exquisitely furnished in the style of a Regency drawing room rather than an office. Damien goes to his desk, his mind already on other matters as he talks to Dean.

DAMIEN

Okay, then it'll have to be the Aswan Dam. Can you arrange for a unit to be out there when it goes? And make sure they give our relief units plenty of coverage...don't let the Red Cross beat them to it.

Dean laughs, then thinks of an idea.

DEAN

Hey, why don't you go -- that
would be a real coup --
Damien Thorn supervising relief
work in person...

Damien smiles.

DAMIEN

I've got to stay here.

DEAN

What for?

DAMIEN

To be on hand when the President
calls for me.
(pause)
He's going to offer me the post
of Ambassador to Great Britain.

Dean looks confused.

DEAN

I'm sorry -- I don't follow.

Damien smiles. A pause, then he gets up and walks over to
a bookshelf.

DAMIEN

(casually)
Are you familiar with the
Book of Hebron?

DEAN

The book of who?

Damien reaches for a book, takes it down.

DAMIEN

It's in the Apocrypha...one
of the more obscure back-waters
of the Septuagint Bible.
(opens the book at
a marked passage;
reading)
'And it shall come to pass that
in the end days the Beast shall
reign one hundred score and
thirty days and nights, and the

Cont.

DAMIEN (Cont.)
 faithful shall cry unto the Lord,
 'Wherefore art thou in the day
 of evil?' And the Lord shall
 hear their prayers, and out of
 the angel isle he shall bring
 forth a deliverer, the holy
 Lamb of God, who shall do
 battle with the Beast...and
 shall utterly destroy him...'
 (closes the book)
 That 'the Beast shall reign one
 hundred score and thirty days
 and nights' is a rather fancy
 way of saying seven years --
 the length of time I've been
 President of the Thorn Corporation.
 'And out of the angel isle the
 Lord shall bring forth a
 deliverer.' The angel isle --
 the original Latin has 'Ex Insula
 Angelorum'...England.

The implication begins to dawn on Dean.

DEAN
 The second coming?

DAMIEN
 Only it won't be the Beast who
 is utterly destroyed, it'll
 be the Nazarene.

DEAN
 But what about our Ambassador
 who's in Britain at the moment?

Damien turns, looks at Dean, smiles.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - LONDON - DAY

18

Early morning. A middle-aged American, faintly-distinguished, enjoys his morning constitutional, as of habit. His pace is leisurely, accommodating the park's wildlife: squirrels, ducks, pigeons, children on their way to school. In the b.g., the distant hum of a chain saw at work.

The faintly-distinguished American AMBASSADOR wanders along the edge of the Serpentine Lake towards the Peter Pan statue, where a group of Japanese Tourists are taking snaps of fellow Nippons. As the Ambassador PASSES CAMERA, a Rotweiler dog emerges from behind the base of the statue. It observes him a moment, then moves o.s.

Cont.

The rasp of the chain saw jars in the f.g. of ANOTHER ANGLE: Two Workmen felling a dead elm tree. The Ambassador walks past them; the Workmen pause in their work, the saw abates, but now another SOUND continues: a low, sustained chord, a grating dissonance, emanating from the same key note as the saw.

The dog disappears into the bushes on higher ground.

As the Ambassador continues walking, he becomes uneasy, sensing a pursuer. He glances back along the path, but there is no one. A gaggle of school children pass him in crocodile formation, giggling at an old woman flanked by plastic bags, feeding ducks on the Serpentine Lake.

On higher ground, the dog moves through the bushes.

Again the Ambassador looks back, again sees nothing of significance. The sense of menace quickens as a score of violins are plucked in a rapid succession of butterfly strokes rising from the basic chord (in similar style to Penderecki's "Polymorphia for forty-eight strings").

The tow path is now deserted: a breeze stirs the overhanging branches. The Ambassador, too dignified to run, increases his stride.

The dog moves swiftly through the bushes, in parallel with him, but on higher ground, then overtakes him.

The Ambassador rounds a corner, clear of the trees, and, with a measure of relief, sights the relative sanctuary of the Serpentine Bridge, where a hot dog van is parked, its rear doors open.

A Tourist squirts the last of the mustard from a plastic dispenser onto his hot dog, then moves away. The Ambassador reaches the van, points to the hot dogs behind a glass cabinet.

AMBASSADOR

(to the
Van Salesman)

I'll take one of those.

VAN SALESMAN

In a moment.

The SALESMAN ducks down behind the counter to refill the mustard dispenser. The Ambassador looks back behind him, still sensing a pursuer, but there are only park strollers in sight. He turns back to the Salesman.

Cont.

AMBASSADOR

Could you...

The Ambassador breaks off as the Rotweiller dog suddenly appears over the top of the counter instead of the Salesman, its paws splayed on the ledge. The Ambassador freezes, caught in the gaze of the dog's penetrating eyes.

VAN SALESMAN

(voice over;
ordering dog down)
Get down from there! Go on,
'op it!

The Van Salesman pushes the dog off the counter, throwing it a hot dog to be rid of it.

VAN SALESMAN

(to the
Ambassador)
With or without mustard,
Guv?

The Ambassador has gone.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS AND ROAD - DAY

19

The Ambassador's limousine is parked at the side of the road; a Uniformed Chauffeur sits at the wheel, reading a newspaper. He looks up as he sees the Ambassador hurrying towards him, turns on the engine. But the Ambassador strides on by, completely ignoring him.

EXT. PARK LANE - DAY

20

RUSH HOUR COMMUTERS honk their horns at the Ambassador as he jaywalks across Park Lane, seemingly oblivious to the flow of traffic around him.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - GROSVENOR SQUARE - DAY

21

The Ambassador hurries up the front steps of the American Embassy.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - HALL - DAY

22

Various STAFF MEMBERS acknowledge the Ambassador with perfunctory nods of "Good morning, Mr. Ambassador," but he remains oblivious to their pseudo-courtesies and rent-a-smiles as he strides through the hall.

13

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CORRIDOR - DAY 23

The MUSIC has reverted back to the low, dissonant chord of SCENE 18, but as the Ambassador coasts along the corridor towards his office, the butterfly strokes emerge again, louder this time, an agitation of bats' wings.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY 24

The Ambassador sweeps into his SECRETARY's office, heads towards the double doors leading to his own office.

SECRETARY

(rising)

Good morning, Mr. Ambassador.
I just had Mr. Sears on the
line about --

AMBASSADOR

(interrupting)

I'm taking no calls from
anyone.

The Ambassador opens the double doors.

SECRETARY

But he said it was urgent --

The Ambassador curtails his Secretary by closing the double doors sharply behind him.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY 25

The Ambassador pauses a moment, leaning against the closed doors. He looks about his office: imposing, orderly, safe, the room dominated by the Great Seal of the United States adorning the wall behind his desk, flanked by furled flags.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - AMBASSADOR'S BATHROOM - DAY 26

TIGHT SHOT: The Ambassador cups his hands under a running tap, splashes cold water on his face. As he reaches for a towel, he catches sight of something in the mirror:

Cont.

AMBASSADOR'S P.O.V.: The Ambassador sees his own reflection partly superimposed by a shadowy, translucent image. It is both brief and indistinct, the spectral glimpse of some jackal-like animal. The image is only in the Ambassador's imagination, for when he turns away, terrified, his features are perfectly normal.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - PRESS OFFICE - DAY

27

An intercom buzzes in f.g.; a finger stabs the button:

PRESS OFFICER
(o.s.; into
intercom)
Press office.

AMBASSADOR
(o.s.; over
intercom)
This is the Ambassador. I want
to hold a press conference in
my office at three o'clock.

PRESS OFFICER
(into intercom)
But Mr. Ambassador, you already
have a conference scheduled
for tomorrow morning at ten.

No response.

PRESS OFFICER
Sir.

A pause.

AMBASSADOR
(o.s.; over
intercom, flat
monotone)
Three o'clock in my office.

The intercom clicks off at the other end.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY 28

In a SERIES OF BRIEF TIGHT SHOTS, the Ambassador moves about his office. His actions are obscure, but are

Cont.

carried out with purpose and precision. The MUSIC is again the low, familiar note, the jarring discord in search of resolution.

The Ambassador rifles through his desk for something, changes his mind, goes to a small portable typewriter and extracts the ribbon.

The violins begin to flutter as he unravels the red and black ribbon across the room, securing one end round the double door handles.

Seated at his desk, the Ambassador adjusts the position of something on the floor. The desk clock reads 2.54 p.m.

Now his work is done. He settles back in his chair to wait. Behind him, halo-like, hangs the Great Seal of the United States, flanked by the Stars and Stripes.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CORRIDOR - DAY 29

The violin bats' wings quicken in pace as the Press Officer conducts a posse of Photographers and Pressmen along the corridor. Among them is KATE REYNOLDS, an attractive, aspiring young BBC journalist, who is accompanied by her Sound Recordist and Cameraman.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY 30

The Ambassador's Secretary ushers the Press Posse toward the double doors of the inner sanctum. She knocks, but the response is lost beneath the crescendo of violin wings.

CLOSE SHOT: The Secretary grips the two door handles, opens them towards her.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY 31

The doors open outward, the typewriter ribbon snakes taut.

FULL SHOT: The Ambassador enthroned at his desk, winged by the flags of his country, crowned by the seal of his authority. The vision is fleeting: a brief moment of serenity before the opening doors tug the ribbon tight, pulling the trigger on a gun wedged between his knees and aimed at his head. The bullet rips through the Ambassador's skull, splattering the contents of his cranium across the Great Seal of the United States behind him.

Cont.

CAMERA FAVORS Kate Reynolds as the Press Posse gaze stupefied. A beat of stunned silence, followed by the full, resounding chord of C Major.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - WASHINGTON - 32
DAY

The President's Office, Washington. Damien stands with his hands behind his back, looking at a painting of John F. Kennedy while waiting for the PRESIDENT to finish a telephone call.

PRESIDENT

(on phone)

...I know that, but...No, I'm not giving out any statements to him or anyone else -- it'll only make matters worse. And make sure the cable's noncommittal as well... 'The President conveys his condolences,' et cetera, et cetera. Let me see it before you wire it.

(hangs up;

to Damien)

Can you believe that? The Egyptian Opposition Party wants us to endorse their condemnation of Israel for blowing up the Aswan Dam. How the hell do we know Israel's responsible?

DAMIEN

(casually)

My guess is that it's the work of the N.L.F.

PRESIDENT

Who?

DAMIEN

The Nubian Liberation Front -- a quasi-Marxist outfit who've had a gripe against Cairo ever since the High Aswan Dam was built in the sixties. They claim the dam submerged fifty percent of their homeland... which of course it did -- until now.

Cont.

PRESIDENT
How did you get this information?

DAMIEN
(vaguely)
One of our Thorn Relief teams.
They were on the scene before
any of the Egyptian rescue
units, and they've already
pieced together a good deal of
information from local contacts.

PRESIDENT
Can you let me see it?

DAMIEN
It's quite unofficial, you
understand.

PRESIDENT
I need hardly point out that
if we can prove it had nothing
to do with Israel, we could be
averting a major flareup.

A pause.

DAMIEN
I'll have to check it out first
myself...I wouldn't want to feed
the White House false information.
(pause)
As to the other matter...I'm
afraid I can't accept the post.
If I were Ambassador to
Great Britain, I'd have to
relinquish my control over
Thorn, and I...

PRESIDENT
Hell no, we can take care of
that for you.

A pause.

DAMIEN
It is against the law.

A pause.

PRESIDENT
Then we'll just have to bend it.

Cont.

Damien considers a moment.

DAMIEN

There are two other conditions.

A pause.

PRESIDENT

Try me.

DAMIEN

First it could only be for two years because of running for the Senate in '84. Second, I'd want the Presidency for the Youth Council.

PRESIDENT

I've already promised it to Foster.

DAMIEN

I realize it's a problem.

The President meets Damien's intense gaze a moment, then turns away.

PRESIDENT

The N.L. what?

DAMIEN

The Nubian Liberation Front.

The President nods, jots it down on his pad. A pause, then he flicks the switch on his intercom.

PRESIDENT

(into intercom)

Sandra? Send in Craig, will you? Oh, and Sandra -- don't forget the tickets to Saturday's ballgame. Hold it --

(to Damien)

Want to come with Judy and the kids to the ballgame Saturday?

DAMIEN

Sorry...tied up all day.

PRESIDENT

(into intercom)

Okay, Sandra -- just make it five.

The President switches off the intercom.

A knock at the door, o.s., and a Presidential Aide, CRAIG, enters the room.

PRESIDENT

Hi Craig. Craig, I'd like you to meet our new Ambassador to the Court of Saint James -- Damien Thorn.

CRAIG

Congratulations, Mr. Thorn.

PRESIDENT

Have Eisenberg prepare a press release to that effect, will you?

CRAIG

Right away, Mr. President.

As Craig turns to go, Damien shoots a glance at the President.

PRESIDENT

(concealing his reluctance)

Oh yes, and Craig...can you add that Mr. Thorn has also been appointed President of the United Nations Youth Council?

CRAIG

(surprised)

But I thought...?

PRESIDENT

(irritably)

Just do it.

CRAIG

Of course, Mr. President.

Craig leaves the room. The President looks a shade guilty, but decides to make the best of it, concealing any regrets behind a Presidential smile. He gets up, offers Damien his hand:

PRESIDENT

Your father would have been very proud of you, Damien.

DAMIEN

(shaking hands)

I appreciate your sentiments, sir.

HOLD A BEAT as the two regard one another, each aware that the balance of power between them lies greatly in Damien's favor.

EXT. SAR FIELD: NORTHERN SKY - SFX - NIGHT

33

A field of stars, shimmering in the vastness of space, as seen through a giant two hundred inch telescope. A low, HARMONIC CHORD SOUNDS, the introductory note of the CHRIST-CHILD THEME, which will develop in counterpoint to the "Damien Theme" as the story unfolds.

The CHORD gradually recedes as the voice of an English ASTRONOMER laps over, relaying a set of instructions.

ASTRONOMER

(o.s.)

Cassiopeia, Right Ascension, One hour, sixteen minutes twelve: Select Declination at twenty-two degrees on an eight-by-four ratio.

A rectangle SUPERIMPOSES over a cluster of stars at bottom-right of FRAME; two sets of digital readouts appear within the rectangle.

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

33-A

The Astronomer stands by a small TV screen, watching the star-field on a monitor. In the b.g., the TECHNICIAN sits under a massive refractory telescope, his eyes pressed up against the viewfinder, his hands working a set of controls.

ASTRONOMER

Super grid R3 at eight diagonal, increase focal length to max.

The telescope ZOOMS IN ON the area enclosed by the rectangle, which is now SUPERIMPOSED by a Grid Scale of verticals and diagonals.

ASTRONOMER

Hold.

ZOOM STOPS.

ASTRONOMER

Okay, Hard copy.

A cyan filter SUPERIMPOSES.

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

34

The Astronomer stands by a light-box analysing the monitor next to the TV monitor, studying the selected star-field printed on a transparent cell. The Technician stands beside him, holding a file containing similar cells.

ASTRONOMER

Let's see the one we took on Monday.

34 Cont.

The Technician hands the Astronomer a cell from the file.
The Astronomer lines it up over the first cell:

CLOSE SHOT as the Astronomer lines up the two cells: all the stars superimpose one another exactly -- except three, which are now significantly further away from each other.

ASTRONOMER

Now give me the one from last month.

The Technician hands him another cell. Again the stars superimpose each other, except for the same three, which are now even further away from each other. The Astronomer looks up, controlling his excitement with a veneer of professional reserve.

ASTRONOMER

Have we got the cell from June 1953 there?

TECHNICIAN

Right here.

The Technician passes the cell to the Astronomer.

CLOSE SHOT: The new cell shows only a slight shift in the position of the three stars.

ASTRONOMER

(o.s.)

And December 1928?

JUMP CUT TO the fourth cell overlayed on the other three. The shift in position of the three stars is now almost imperceptible. The Astronomer looks up, contemplating the significance.

ASTRONOMER

(to the Technician)

What would you say?

The Technician looks at the monitor.

TECHNICIAN

I'd say I was dreaming.

The Astronomer nods.

ASTRONOMER

And the rate of acceleration?

Cont.

TECHNICIAN

(look at the monitor)

A couple of thousand parsecs minimum. Looks like we're in for one hell of a bang.

ASTRONOMER

An alignment, not a collision.

(pause)

Okay, transfer to the simulator and let's see if we can't get an accurate schedule predict.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

34-A

Back on the TV monitor, three stars appear at the bottom-left, bottom-right and top center, each containing a flashing star.

ASTRONOMER

Okay, whenever you're ready.

The Technician presses a button on the monitor controls. On the monitor screen, a digital countdown begins at top-left, displaying days, hours, minutes and seconds. Simultaneously, a series of pulsating dots indicate the anticipated flight-path of the three stars through space as they leave their respective rectangles toward the center of the screen.

The Astronomer watches with growing anticipation as the pulsating dots travel on what resembles a collision course, like perpendiculars emanating from the three points of a triangle. The hours, minutes and seconds digitals move too fast to read; the day digital turns over at the rate of two days per second: 36 -- 37 -- 38 -- 39 -- 40 -- 41:

The three star read-out dots converge, pulsate rapidly, and emit a series of expanding rings, like radar waves. The digital read-out stops at the moment of impact: 41 -- 02. 26. 00.

HOLD A BEAT ON the Astronomer's reaction.

INT. OBSERVATORY TELEX - NIGHT

35

CLOSE SHOT: The automatic print-out on a telex machine in black.

141246 FERNBANK OBSY UK
261991 SUBIACO ITALY
ADVISE TRINITY ALIGNMENT ESTIMATE
0226 HRS GMT 24 MAR 82 RPT 0226 HRS
GMT 24 MAR 82 = FAVELL +

A pause, followed by an acknowledgement in red from the receiving end:

261991 SUBIACO ITALY +

EXT. AIRCRAFT AND SKY - DAY

36

Damien's private jet aircraft in flight, embossed with the Thorn logo.

DEAN

(voice over)

The Soviet Union's offering Egypt soya at fifty dollars a ton on a five-year loan at seven and a half percent...that's eight dollars less than what we're asking. They've got wheat on offer from Canada at ninety-five dollars a ton, corn at eighty-two dollars, but there's no way they can afford it.

INT. AIRCRAFT - TRAVELLING SHOT - DAY

Dean sits next to Damien in the central section of the aircraft, furnished in accordance with Damien's relaxed taste. Dean has a briefcase open at his side, notes and papers spread in front of him, while Damien seems more absorbed in a book: J.K. Huysman's "A Rebours."

DAMIEN

(without looking
up)

How much soya do we have
stock-piled?

Dean consults his notes.

DEAN

Approximately eight hundred and
fifty tons worldwide.

DAMIEN

All right, let them have the
soya at thirty dollars a ton
at five percent over ten years
...that should put the government
in our pocket for the next
decade.

Dean notes down Damien's offer.

DAMIEN

The President's pushing for that
NLF report, but I don't want him
to have it till it's out of date.
How soon can we pin the blame for
the dam onto Israel?

DEAN

We've got a disciple in Tel Aviv,
name of Schroeder...he's the
Under Secretary for Defense in
the Israeli Government. Buher
talked to him last night, and
Schroeder says he can forge the
necessary documents to implicate
them up to the hilt.

DAMIEN

No way of tracing it back to us?

DEAN

Buher says not.

DAMIEN

Okay, how long will it take him?

Cont.

DEAN

Couple of weeks at the
most.

Damien nods. Dean continues jotting down notes. A pause.

DAMIEN

When's Barbara coming over?

DEAN

It's a five-day crossing by
sea, so she should be in London
by the weekend. I tried to
persuade her to come with us,
but she didn't want to run the
risk of having the baby in
mid-flight.

DAMIEN

I can't think of a better place
to be born.

Dean chuckles, continuing writing, while Damien resumes
his book.

The SOUND of tolling bells LAPS OVER.

EXT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - ITALY - DUSK

38

The TOLLING BELLS CONTINUE OVER an ESTABLISHING SHOT of the
crumbling Subiaco Monastery, silhouetted against a twilight
sky.

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - CRYPT - DUSK

39

Father De Carlo kneels before the altar in the darkened
crypt beneath the monastery. As the last of the BELLS
die away, he slowly rises, lifts his eyes toward the Cross,
and chants in Latin.

SIX BENEDICTINE MONKS, hooded and kneeling before him, take
up the chant. De Carlo turns to the doors of the little
tabernacle, engraved with the image of the Risen Christ.
As the chant continues, he opens the doors and removes the
chamois pouch containing the daggers.

SHOOTING DOWN FROM the Cross, De Carlo ceremoniously takes
the seven daggers from the pouch and arranges them in a
semicircle at the foot of the Cross, the blades pointing
outwards. A pause, then De Carlo kneels before the altar as
the chant ends.

Cont.

DE CARLO

O Blessed Saviour, who hath
through the confession of Thy
departed servant Father Spilletto
revealed unto us the identity of
the Antichrist here on earth,
grant us Thy strength and guidance
in our holy mission that we may
rid the world of Damien Thorn, and
thus ensure the sanctuary of Thy
second coming.

(pause)

O Lord, bless these seven sacred
knives of Meggido, which Thou
hast seen fit to return unto us,
that they may serve their holy
purpose and destroy the Prince
of Darkness, even as he seeketh
to destroy Thy Child of Light.

The Six Monks chorus De Carlo's "Amen." A pause, then
De Carlo rises and turns to them.

DE CARLO

I now call upon each of you to
come forward and arm yourselves
in the name of the Lord...

(calling)

Brother Martin...Brother Paulo...
Brother Simeon...

As De Carlo calls out their names, the Monks come forward
and each receives a dagger.

DE CARLO

Brother Antonio...Brother Matteus
...Brother Benito...

The Monks stand in a semicircle around the altar, holding
their daggers before them. De Carlo turns and takes the
seventh dagger in his own hands, then turns back to them.

DE CARLO

(quietly)

Before setting forth from
this holy place, each of us
must pray to our Lord in the
silence of his own soul...

As De Carlo continues on VOICE OVER, we see each of the
Six Monks in their individual cells: barren, white-washed
cubicles, devoid of worldly trappings. Each Monk prays with
an emotional intensity that borders on anguish, and each
clasps his own dagger before him as if it were a personal
Cross --

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - MATTEUS' CELL - NIGHT 40

LONG SHOT: Brother Matteus, the eldest of the Monks and a contemporary of De Carlo, kneels by his wooden bed in prayer.

DE CARLO

(voice over)

Since we are prepared to lay down our lives in the pursuit of this enterprise, we must seek final absolution from God now...

MIX TO:

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - BENITO'S CELL - NIGHT 41

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: Brother Benito, a man of inconspicuous features, prays in the solitude of his cell.

DE CARLO

(voice over)

...lest we be denied the redemption of the blessed last sacrament at the moment of death...

MIX TO:

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - PAULO'S CELL - NIGHT 42

MEDIUM SHOT: Brother Paulo, a black monk of African origins, kneels by his bed in prayer.

DE CARLO

(voice over)

Above all, we must ask God to grant us courage, guidance and strength as we prepare to do battle with Satan and his son, the Antichrist...

MIX TO:

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - MARTIN'S CELL - NIGHT 43

The CAMERA MOVES FROM MEDIUM SHOT INTO MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ON the last Three Monks in prayer. Brother Martin --

DE CARLO

(voice over)

The exact hour of our Lord's second coming, for which centuries have wept, has now been revealed to us by signs in the heavens...

MIX TO:

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - ANTONIO'S CELL - NIGHT

44

Brother Antonio --

DE CARLO

(voice over)

It is imperative that the
destruction of the Antichrist
takes place before then, and
we have but a short time in
which to carry it out...

MIX TO:

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - SIMEON'S CELL - NIGHT

45

Brother Simeon --

DE CARLO

(voice over)

My brothers, remember that
these seven daggers and
ourselves are all that stand
between the Son of Satan and
the Son of God, for they alone
can destroy him...

MIX TO:

INT. SUBIACO MONASTERY - DE CARLO'S CELL - NIGHT

46

The final CUT is of De Carlo himself, his eyes brimming with
tears as he prays in the silence of his own lonely cell,
holding his dagger before him.

HOLD A BEAT.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - RECEPTION ROOM - LONDON - NIGHT

47

HIGH SHOT: A reception party for Damien, held in the main
reception room of the American Embassy in London. The
gathering boasts a veritable pride of diplomats, politicians
and society brethren, but there is little evidence of the
economic crisis as they help themselves to the fruits of the
diplomatic life. Damien is in LONG SHOT.

In f.g., TWO AGING DIPLOMATS of the old school converse over
a glass of wine.

2ND DIPLOMAT

(looking at
wine label)

Lafite-Thorn?

Cont.

1ST DIPLOMAT
(indicating Damien)
Bought the bugger out.

KATE
(o.s.)
Is he really only thirty-two?

X

Kate Reynolds, the TV journalist from the BBC, is standing behind the Two Diplomats, a notebook in her hand.

1ST DIPLOMAT
No idea. Shouldn't be surprised.
Americans always seem to think
they can run before they can
walk. Like their wine.

Dean has been standing beside Kate, his back to CAMERA, talking to his wife BARBARA -- a somewhat irrelevant woman by nature, a provincial specimen of America's Mid-West, who would normally be inconspicuous were it not for the fact that she is eight months pregnant.

DEAN
(to Kate)
To answer your question, yes
he is. The youngest Ambassador
ever appointed by the President.

1ST DIPLOMAT
(aside to
2nd Diplomat)
Hello, reliable sources ahoy.

DEAN
(to Kate,
introducing himself)
Harvey Dean, Private Secretary
to the Ambassador.

KATE
Kate Reynolds, BBC.

DEAN
Glad to meet you, Miss Reynolds.
(introducing Barbara)
My wife, Barbara --

KATE
(to Barbara)
How do you do.

Cont.

BARBARA
(patting her
stomach)
We're both doing just fine.

Dean turns to the Two Diplomats.

DEAN
And you, I take it, are
Informed Circles?

1ST DIPLOMAT
No, no, just Seasoned Observers.

DEAN
(to Kate)
Would you care to meet the
Ambassador?

KATE
Very much so.

DEAN
(to the Diplomats)
Excuse us, gentlemen.

Kate follows Dean into the throng, leaving the Two Diplomats alone. The 1st Diplomat regards the wine bottle in his hand.

1ST DIPLOMAT
Amazing what they can produce
from soya beans these days.

On the far side of the room, Dean introduces Kate to Damien.

DEAN
Mr. Ambassador, this is
Kate Reynolds of the
British Broadcasting Corporation.
Miss Reynolds hosts her own weekly
news show, 'The World in Vision.'

KATE
(correcting him)
'World in Focus.'

DEAN
Sorry, 'in Focus' --

KATE
(smiling at Damien)
Or out, as the case may be.

Cont.

DAMIEN

Pleased to meet you, Miss Reynolds.
The Barbara Walters of the BBC?

KATE

(lightly)

On my salary? We're not called
the British Broadcasting Charity
for nothing, you know.

DAMIEN

(warming to her)

That makes two of us -- I'm in
the charity business as well.
What can I do for you?

KATE

I'd like to hear more about your
views on youth. My son Peter's a
great fan of yours. He's only
twelve, but he seems to think
you've got all the right ideas...
unlike his old-fashioned mum.

DEAN

(to Damien)

Excuse me interrupting, but the
Israeli Ambassador's got to
leave and he'd like to have a
word with you.

DAMIEN

(to Kate)

Yes, I'd be happy to talk to you.
Give Harvey a ring tomorrow and
he'll arrange a time with you,
How about Sunday?

KATE

Well, Sundays I usually spend
with Peter.

DAMIEN

Fine, bring Peter along too.

Damien smiles apologetically, then turns and follows Dean to
meet the Israeli Ambassador, leaving Kate somewhat surprised
at her good fortune.

X

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS AND ROUND POND - DAY

TIGHT SHOT: a magnificent model battleship steams leisurely across a stretch of water, suddenly overtaken by a disproportionately large model speedboat. CAMERA FOLLOWS the speedboat as it zips IN and OUT of the other model boats sailing on the Round Pond.

Damien kneels next to Kate's twelve-year-old son Peter at the edge of the Round Pond, operating the speedboat's remote control panel. Damien's Rotweiller dog lies beside them, more interested in a pair of Mallard ducks than the model boats. Kate stands a short distance away, photographing Damien and Peter in a carefree, snap-happy style; beyond her, the sky is ablaze with a myriad of kites.

Damien brings the speedboat in to land.

PETER

Can I have a go now?

DAMIEN

(handing him
controls)

As many goes as you like --
it's your boat.

PETER

(lighting up)

Mine?

DAMIEN

On one condition.

PETER

Yes?

Kate walks over as Damien lowers his voice to Peter:

DAMIEN

You let me play with it now
and then.

PETER

(grins)

Any time you like.

(seeing Kate)

Hey mummy -- look what Damien's
given me...and I didn't ask
him for it, I promise.

Cont.

KATE
(to Damien)
Oh, but you can't...

PETER
Oh, but he can -- he just did.

DAMIEN
(to Kate)
It'll be much safer with him.
If I were to collide into another
ship, it could spark off a major
international crisis.

LONG SHOT: Damien, Kate and Peter continue to talk, but too far away for us to hear the conversation. A pause, then one of De Carlo's monks, Brother Paulo, ENTERS SHOT and observes them as Peter moves away to operate the boat on his own.

CAMERA RESUMES IN CLOSER SHOT ON Kate and Damien, watching Peter in the distance.

KATE
You shouldn't spoil him so much.

DAMIEN
Kids deserve to get spoilt now and then.

KATE
I know, but I do it all the time. My husband died when he was born, so you can imagine how he twists me round his little finger.

DAMIEN
To tell you the truth, he's the one who's been spoiling me. It isn't every day I get the chance to be a boy again.
(pause)
You must be very proud of him -- I know I would be if I had a son like that.

KATE
Oh, I am...but don't tell Peter, he's conceited enough as it is.
(pause)
Have you never thought of getting married?

Cont.

DAMIEN

Not really -- I'm too much of
a sceptic. Besides, I haven't
had the time.

Kate smiles.

KATE

What's been the big hurry?

Damien reflects a moment, watching Peter's carefree pleasure
as he plays with the model speedboat.

DAMIEN

You know, I sometimes really
wonder.

HOLD A BEAT.

ON Damien's wistful look of envy.

EXT. PETER PAN STATUE AND SERPENTINE - DAY

49

LONG SHOT: Damien and Kate stroll past the Peter Pan statue,
their dialogue almost inaudible. Peter runs on ahead of
them, throwing sticks for Damien's Rotweiller dog.

KATE

Peter's always on me to buy
him a dog.

DAMIEN

You should do -- boys and dogs
go great together. We've had
one of those in the family ever
since I was a kid. You know they
marched with the Roman Army two
thousand years ago?

KATE

Really?

DAMIEN

They're as old as sin.

Damien and Kate stroll on PAST CAMERA towards the
Serpentine Bridge.

EXT. HYDE PARK - SPEAKER'S CORNER - DAY

X
50

LONG SHOT: Damien, Kate and Peter wander across Hyde Park toward Speaker's Corner, where a number of Sunday orators air their views before an ever-shifting audience of tourists and spectators. Above the general babble, the voice of a PREACHER begins to gain prominence, though we cannot see him at present.

PREACHER

(o.s.; heavily
overlapped)

...'The day of Christ is at hand,' wrote St. Paul in his second letter to the Thessalonians, 'yet let no man deceive you, for that day shall not come before the Man of Sins be revealed, the Son of Perdition, the Antichrist. And be not deceived by him, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light...

While the Preacher continues o.s., Peter spots an ice cream van and rushes off to buy ice cream, leaving Damien and Kate alone.

KATE

You must think me very unprofessional, I haven't asked you half the questions I meant to.

DAMIEN

That's why it's been such a pleasure. You can save the questions for the program.

Damien and Kate are now within earshot of the Preacher, although only Damien reacts to his words. We now see that he is another of De Carlo's Monks, Brother Matteus, wearing the civilian clothes of a lay-preacher in place of his Benedictine habit, and flanked by a board proclaiming the second coming to be at hand.

Cont.

MATTEUS

(partly o.s.)

...the hour of Christ's Second Coming draws nigh, the prophecies fulfilled one by one. 'And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars...' Right now, my friends, in the constellation of Cassiopeia, a holy trinity of stars are converging to herald our Lord's Second Coming, and as the star over Bethlehem guided the wise men of old, so this trinity will summon forth the faithful to pay homage before Him...

Brother Matteus catches Damien's eye, each registering the other's presence.

MATTEUS

'Rejoice then, you heavens and you that dwell in them,' commands St. John in Revelation, 'But woe to you, earth and sea, for the Devil hath come down to you in great fury, knowing that his time is short'...

PETER

(o.s.; overlapped)

Damien...?

Damien looks round to find Peter holding out his ice cream.

PETER

What's the matter?

DAMIEN

Nothing. I was just marvelling at one of your more eccentric British institutions.

PETER

(handing him
ice cream)

They didn't have chocolate so I got you a vanilla one.

(to Kate)

Here you are, Mummy --

Cont.

Peter holds out an ice cream to Kate; as she moves to take it, she hears a growl behind her.

PETER

Oh look -- there's that
dog again.

The Rotweiller dog is standing by a tree behind them, and seems to be growling at Kate. But the dog's eyeline also embraces Brother Paulo, standing beyond her, unobserved.

Peter turns to the dog, holding out his hand.

PETER

Hello, dog.

KATE

Peter -- stay away from
it.

PETER

(teasing)
It's only you he doesn't
like.

The dog pads over and licks Peter's hand, then snuffles up to Damien. Kate eyes the dog warily, keeping her distance from it.

PETER

(to Damien)
I wonder why he doesn't like
mummy.

DAMIEN

Because she's not one of us.

From their different vantage points, Brother Paulo and Brother Matteus watch Damien and Peter as they follow Kate away, the dog tagging alongside them.

MATTEUS

...and the Prince of Darkness
shall be mighty, and he
shall prosper, and destroy
the mighty, and he shall cause
craft to prosper in his hand,
and by peace shall he destroy
many.'

EXT. CABLE STREET AND MISSION - DUSK

Cable Street, a dingy, ill-lit slum in London's East End. Presently Brother Matteus emerges from a side street, carrying his "Second Coming" sandwich board and accompanied by Brother Paulo.

The Two Monks cross the road to a rundown house on the other side. A sign above the door reads: "CABLE STREET MISSION." Paulo knocks on the door; it is opened cautiously by Brother Benito, who admits them both, closing the door behind them.

INT. CABLE STREET MISSION - DUSK

De Carlo and his Six Monks are gathered round a table in the basement kitchen of the Mission. The room is bleakly furnished, but includes an old television set.

DE CARLO

(to Paulo)

Who was the woman?

PAULO

A television reporter -- I asked someone who went up to her for an autograph...

(glances at notebook)

...Kate Reynolds -- she's apparently quite a celebrity.

DE CARLO

And the boy?

PAULO

I don't know...probably her son.

De Carlo pauses in thought, but Matteus interrupts him.

MATTEUS

(impetuously)

Please, father -- let me be the one. Thorn and I made contact -- eye to eye. Let me be the bait to flush him out and destroy him...

DE CARLO

(overlapping)

He will have read your thoughts as surely as you read his. We have to strike him off-guard.

Cont.

ANTONIO
(pondering aloud)
Yet the target must be still
for the marksman to be sure
of his aim.

The Monks consider a moment.

SIMEON
(musing)
A sitting target...or a sleeping
target?

DE CARLO
(shaking his head)
His residence is guarded day
and night.

CAMERA FAVORS Brother Benito as he gazes vacantly about the
room.

MARTIN
(o.s.)
And the Embassy?

PAULO
(o.s.)
Impossible.

Benito reacts to something o.s.

BENITO
(quietly)
There's our sitting target.

The others look round.

DE CARLO
Where?

Benito merely gazes at the blank screen of the old television
set.

HOLD A BEAT.

INT. BBC TELEVISION STUDIOS - MAKEUP ROOM - NIGHT 53

CLOSE SHOT: a color television monitor transmits footage
of the aftermath of the Aswan Dam diasaster: thousands of
homeless refugees swarming the banks of the Nile. SHOTS OF
the breached dam; et cetera.

Cont.

KATE

(voice over;
TV monitor)

...the Israeli Government has consistently denied any responsibility for the Aswan Dam diasaster, which has so far claimed the lives of over fifty thousand Egyptians -- though many fear that the final death toll may reach twice that number.

In WIDER SHOT, Damien sits in a nearby chair while a Makeup Girl puts the finishing touches to his sparse makeup prior to being interviewed. Two Embassy Security Men hover in the b.g.

INT. BBC STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

54

While Kate's commentary continues on voice over, a Couple of Studio Technicians enter Studio 4 through the outer corridor door.

KATE

(voice over)

Already typhoid has broken out among the countless thousands of homeless refugees swarming the banks of the Nile, and a major epidemic now seems unavoidable.

The outer door -- marked, "Studio 4: 'WORLD IN FOCUS'" -- swings shut. A pause, then Brother Benito ENTERS SHOT. He glances furtively either way along the corridor.

INT. BBC STUDIOS - STUDIO 4 - NIGHT

55

Benito enters the studio, pausing a moment for his eyes to become accustomed to the off-set darkness. Kate's voice is now "live", emanating from the "World in Focus" set, bathed in light in the distance.

KATE

(o.s.)

As in Cambodia, the main source of aid has come not through any government of charitable agency, but from the Thorn Corporation of America.

Benito moves towards the set, keeping himself in the shadows.

Cont.

In CLOSER SHOT, Kate continues her commentary before the TV cameras. A monitor to the left of her eyeline indicates the use of film footage to cover her narration: Thorn Relief Units at work, unloading soya from supply ships, doling out food and medical supplies from field trucks.

KATE

By the end of this week they will have distributed over eight million tons of soya produce from their massive stockpiles around the world.

INT. BBC STUDIOS - MAKEUP ROOM - NIGHT

56

While Kate's commentary continues from the monitor, the Makeup Girl starts to brush Damien's hair, but he instinctively pulls away.

DAMIEN

(overlapped)

That's okay -- I'll do it myself.

Somewhat surprised, the Makeup Girl hands him the brush and in TIGHT CLOSEUP, Damien brushes his hair.

KATE

(voice over;
TV monitor)

Although the Thorn Corporation has been criticized by some observers for what the Soviet News Agency Tass terms 'the capitalist exploitation of human tragedy,' the Egyptian Government has revealed that Thorn is supplying soya at almost fifty percent below the current market price.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

57

Flanked by his Two Security Men, Damien follows a Floor Manager along the corridor to the studio door. Kate's ubiquitous commentary continues over without a break:

KATE

(voice over)

At the center of Thorn's global operations is the man who has become a legend in his own time: Damien Thorn.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIOS - STUDIO 4 - NIGHT

58

Damien enters the darkness of the off-set studio floor, flanked by the Two Security Men. CAMERA FOLLOWS them as the Floor Manager leads them to the "world in Focus" set.

KATE

(voice over)

Last week Mr. Thorn arrived in Britain to become the youngest American Ambassador ever appointed to what we still refer to as our Court of St. James', and later in the program I'll be talking to him.

Benito watches from the shadows as Damien is escorted to the guest chair facing Kate. Dean and the Two Security Men remain discreetly in the b.g., out of the range of the TV cameras and a short distance away from Benito.

KATE

But first, let's just take a look at a few of the highlights in a career that's already being compared to that of the late John F. Kennedy...

Benito eyes Dean and the Two Security Men, who are both watching Damien. From his vantage point, Benito has unobstructed access to his target. He puts his hand inside his breast pocket, clutches hold of the hidden dagger ready to strike.

A.S.M.

(o.s.)

Can I help you?

Benito swings round to find an ASSISTANT FLOOR MANAGER standing behind him.

BENITO

What?

A.S.M.

You're not connected with this programme, are you?

BENITO

I'm looking for Stage eight.

A.S.M.

This is Stage four. Stage eight's across the corridor.

Cont.

BENITO

Thanks very much.

Benito backs off into the darkness in the direction of the studio door. The A.S.M. watches him go, then turns back to watch Kate, whose commentary has continued in the b.g.,
OVERLAPPED.

KATE

(o.s.)

...after majoring at
Yale University Damien Thorn
matriculated here at Oxford
as a Rhodes Scholar, captaining
the Oxford eight to victory in
1966, as well as winning the
Westchester Cup at Polo in the
same year...

Benito pauses in the shadows, looks back at the set. From his P.O.V., he sees the A.S.M. glance round at him -- catching sight of him hovering in the darkness. Again Benito turns as if to leave, but this time the A.S.M.'s suspicion is aroused. He walks over to the Floor Manager, whispers something, pointing in Benito's direction. Benito hurries towards the door, glancing round for some alternative hiding place. He spots an iron stairway leading up to the lighting gantry high above the studio floor...

KATE

(o.s.)

In 1971, Damien took over the
reins of his uncle's business,
Thorn Industries, and within
seven years has turned it into
the world's largest multinational
corporation, producing everything
from nuclear armaments to soya
bean food products...

The Floor Manager follows the A.S.M., to where they last saw Benito, but there is now no sign of him. The Floor Manager shrugs, returns to the set, followed by the A.S.M.

While Kate continues o.s., Benito makes his way up the metal staircase and out onto the lighting gantry.

Cont.

KATE

(o.s.)

And now, at the age of thirty-two, Damien Thorn has entered the political arena, not only as U.S. Ambassador to Britain, but as President of the United Nations Youth Council. In two years' time he'll be running for the U.S. Senate, and is already being strongly tipped to become the youngest United States President in history.

CAMERA RESUMES ON Kate as she turns to Damien, sitting opposite her.

KATE

A remarkable career for one so young, Mr. Ambassador.

DAMIEN

(with false modesty)

Oh, I don't know. Not when you remember that Alexander the Great was commanding the Macedonian Army at sixteen.

CAMERA RESUMES ON Benito as he creeps stealthily along the gantry, glancing over the precipice edge to see how far away he is from Damien. His VIEW is partially obscured by the lighting boats, suspended a few feet below the gantry. He leans forward, but his foot dislodges a loose bolt --

SHOOTING AT ground level, the bolt lands within inches of the A.S.M., who glances up to see where it came from.

FROM Benito's P.O.V. THROUGH the holes: the A.S.M., can be seen as a distant figure, scanning the gantry high above him. A pause, then he looks back at Kate and Damien. In CLOSE SHOT, Benito sighs with relief.

Kate's interview with Damien, which has continued almost inaudibly in the b.g., now resumes at ground level.

KATE

Of course that's how many people view you, isn't it -- as a sort of twentieth century Alexander, leading the world out of the present doldrums of recession into a golden era of prosperity.

Cont.

DAMIEN

(smiling)

You've been watching too many
of our commercials.

KATE

But it's the image you manage
to put across.

DAMIEN

The image of Thorn as a Corporation
-- not a personal image of myself.
But I certainly hold tremendous
optimism for the future, and I
want to see Thorn play a major
part in achieving it...

CAMERA RESUMES ON Benito, who now sees that the only way he
can position himself directly above Damien is by climbing
down from the metal gantry and striking out along one of the
lighting boats, suspended on chains from the roof. He lowers
himself over the side and slithers into the first boat, then
crawls along it on all fours.

The Damien/Kate interview resumes at ground level, LOW ANGLE.
Far above them we can dimly discern one of the lighting boats
moving slightly from side to side.

KATE

You've always taken a great
interest in youth,
Mr. Ambassador. What are your
plans now that you're President
of the U.N. Youth Council?

DAMIEN

All sorts of things, but I
believe the most important
task I have is to help young
people gain a more prominent
role in world affairs than the
one we currently afford them
...or rather, deny them.
What is this arrogance that
always makes us think we know
better than them? We call
them immature, naive...
'Wait till you're grown up and
then we'll listen to you.'
What we really mean is 'Wait
till you're grown old, and then
you'll think the way we do.'
So youth stands aside, because
it has no other choice, and we
set to work...

DAMIEN

(o.s.)

We ply them with our values,
indoctrinate them with our
mediocrity, until finally they
emerge from their brain-washing
education as so-called fully-
fledged citizens...

CLOSE SHOT Damien, as he musters all his charm for the
benefit of the cameras --

DAMIEN

Clipped. Impotent. But above
all, safe. No wonder each...

SHOOTING ALONG the lighting boats, Benito leans over the
edge at the far end, ready to strike. Suddenly one of the
support chains in f.g. breaks loose from boat clamp...
the boat lurches forward, the sudden weight on the other
clamp causing the second chain to break free...

SHOOTING in LOW ANGLE FROM ground level: the boat takes
a nose-dive, swinging through the air like a lifeboat
suspended from one davit. Benito slides down the length of
the boat, dislodging clamps in a desperate attempt to cling
on.

KATE

(a warning cry)

Damien...!

Damien jumps clear of the set as two of the arc lamps tear
loose from the boat and hurtle to the floor, exploding on
impact and igniting the nylon drapes.

Benito tries in vain to clutch onto the boat as he slides
off the end, his foot caught up on the cable of one of the
lamps. He plunges towards the studio floor, but his fall
is broken short by the cable, which proceeds to swing him
upside.

down in a giant arc across the set. Like the ball on the end of a demolition chain, Benito's body crashes through one of the plywood walls of the set, then swings him back through the flaming drapes, enveloping his body in molten nylon.

The studio is now in chaos as Technicians and Personnel race for cover from the inferno. As Benito reaches the centre of the cable's fulcrum, his body, swathed in molten drapes like an Egyptian mummy, becomes a human torch as it catches fire.

While studio Firemen begin hosing Benito's writhing body, Damien reacts to the glimpse of the dagger within the blazing debris. Dean scrambles through the smoke towards him --

DEAN

Mr. Ambassador...

(yelling at
Firemen)

Hey you -- over here!

DAMIEN

It's okay, it's nothing...
let's just get out of here --

Damien hurries away, escorted by Dean and the Two Security Men. HOLD A BEAT ON the charred body of Benito as he hangs suspended from the cable, steaming beneath the fire extinguisher foam.

HOLD A BEAT.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

59

Dean stands with a drink in his hand, reacting to Damien, who is nearby, his back TO CAMERA.

DEAN

What do you mean, no accident?

Damien turns round, pulling from his jacket the crucifix dagger, charred by the fire.

DAMIEN

I mean this.

(holds the dagger
menacingly at Dean)

If that lamp had fallen on top
of me...if the whole building
had caved in on me, I should
have come through unscathed.

Cont.

DAMIEN (Cont.)

(pause)

But if this knife, if this
worthless scrap of metal had so
much as scratched the skin on
my hand, I should have ceased
to be.

DEAN

Why, what is it?

DAMIEN

One of the Seven Knives of Meggido
-- the sole earthly means of my
destruction. They were discovered
in Israel when I was a child.
An archaeologist called Bugenhagen
found them. It was Bugenhagen
who preverted my poor father's
mind. He gave him the knives,
urged him to murder me. But
I had the love of my true father
to protect me: the love of
Satan, the love that conquers
all who seek to destroy me.

Damien pauses, stroking the dagger against his own neck,
lost in thought.

EXT. BROCKET HALL - NIGHT

A chauffeur-driven Rover pulls outside Brocket Hall --
Damien's official residence as the American Ambassador.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Dean watches Damien, still idling the dagger in his hand.

DEAN

Where are the others?

DAMIEN

Hmm?

DEAN

You said there were seven
daggers -- where are the
other six?

A pause.

DAMIEN

That's what you're going to
find out.

DEAN

Me?

DAMIEN

You can start by calling up
Buher...have him check out
the site of the old Thorn
Museum in Chicago. The
daggers must have been dug
up, and now they've found
their way into the hands of
someone who knows who I am.
And whoever knows who I am
must also know of the
prophecy...knows that the
birth of the Nazarene is
imminent...

Cont.

DAMIEN (Cont.)

(pause)

Get onto Buher right away --
tell him to get to Chicago as
soon as he can.

DEAN

But Buher's in Washington, tied
up with the Israeli operation.
Schroeder's dropping the Aswan
Dam bombshell tomorrow at 4 A.M.
and Buher's got to be at the
White House to...

DAMIEN

(rounding on him)

You asshole, haven't you
understood? They're out to
destroy me...and if they
destroy me, everyone goes down
with me -- and I mean everyone.

A knock at the door.

DAMIEN

Yes?

The door opens and a MAN SERVANT enters.

MAN SERVANT

Excuse me, sir, but the car's
here to take Mr. Dean to the
Harley Street Hospital.

Damien looks at Dean.

DEAN

(to Damien)

Barbara went into labor this
afternoon...the baby's due
any time.

Damien doesn't respond. Dean turns to the Man Servant.

Cont.

DEAN
(awkwardly)
I'll, er -- tell him I'll
be with him shortly.

MAN SERVANT
Very good, sir.

The Man Servant leaves. A pause.

DAMIEN
You'll go to the Embassy
first and call Buher. After
that you can go where the
fuck you like.

Dean nods, somewhat meekly, leaves the room, mumbling
"Good night" as he goes. A long pause, then Damien turns
to the fire, watches the dying embers.

DAMIEN
(almost a whisper)
'And what rough beast, its hour
come round at last, Slouches
towards Bethlehem to be born?'

In LONG SHOT: Damien remains gazing at the fire. Another
pause, then he exhales a long, weary sigh.

INT. CABLE STREET MISSION - NIGHT

62

De Carlo and the Five surviving Monks sit around the table
in the basement of the Mission. Brother Paulo scans the
Evening Standard, headlined "AMBASSADOR THORN IN TV BLAZE
DRAMA."

PAULO
'An unidentified intruder'...
that's all it says.

DE CARLO
No mention of the dagger?

Cont.

PAULO

No, they seem to be treating
it as an accident.

DE CARLO

Thorn knows it was no accident.

PAULO

Not according to this.

(reading)

'In a statement issued from
the American Embassy,
Ambassador Thorn stated that
he was satisfied there was no
connection between himself and
the 'unfortunate victim.''

De Carlo reflects a moment.

DE CARLO

Our priority now is to locate
the Holy Child as soon as He
is born. Brother Simeon and
Brother Antonio, I want you
to make ready to come with me
tonight to ascertain His
birthplace, for the hour draws
near. The rest of you must
wait till we return before
deciding how to proceed. Our
efforts must be strictly
coordinated next time...we
can't afford to make a second
mistake.

INT. BROCKET HALL - HALLWAY AND STAIRS - NIGHT

63

The hallway, in semi darkness. Presently Damien emerges
from the dining room. He walks slowly across the hall,
up the stairs, then pauses.

DAMIEN

(calling)

George?

Cont.

A pause, then the MAN SERVANT appears at a hallway door leading down to the servants' quarters.

MAN SERVANT

Yes, Mr. Ambassador?

DAMIEN

I won't be needing anything else tonight.

MAN SERVANT

Right you are, sir. Good night.

The Man Servant disappears, closing the door behind him. As Damien continues up the stairs, the low, dissonant chord of the Damien Theme filters in.

INT. BROCKET HALL - GALLERY OVERLOOKING HALL - 64
NIGHT

Damien walks along the gallery overlooking the hall, the trembling, fluttering violin wings building all the while. (The CAMERA ANGLES and lighting stir the memory of Damien's boyhood attempt to kill his mother, when he rode by on his tricycle, dislodging her from a bannister and hurling her down to the hallway below).

INT. BROCKET HALL - CORRIDORS - NIGHT 65

Damien moves along a series of darkened corridors, as if drawn on by his own Theme.

As he passes a doorway, the Rotweiller DOG appears from the shadows and pads behind him, panting with anticipation.

INT. BROCKET HALL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CHAPEL - 66
NIGHT

Damien walks to the end of a narrow corridor. In LONG SHOT he unlocks a door at the far end and enters the room beyond. The Dog remains outside, as if on guard.

A long pause.

Cont.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

Total darkness. Damien's voice is heard o.s. as he invokes his father in the style of a soliloquy.

DAMIEN

(voice over;
quietly)

O my father, Lord of Silence,
Supreme God of Desolation, whom
mankind reviles, yet aches to
embrace, strengthen my purpose
to save the world from a second
ordeal of Jesus Christ and his
grubby, mundane creed. Two
thousand years have been enough!

Damien emerges from the darkness, moving towards a crucified effigy of Christ.

DAMIEN

Show man instead the raptures
of thy kingdom: infuse in him
the grandeur of melancholy, the
divinity of loneliness, the
purity of evil, the paradise of
pain. What perverted imagination
has fed mankind the lie that hell
festers in the bowels of the
earth? There is only one hell:
the leaden monotony of human
existence; there is only one
heaven: the ecstasy of my
father's kingdom!

Damien turns on Christ, whom we now see to be crucified in such a manner that both his front and rear are visible.

DAMIEN

Nazarene charlatan, what can you
offer humanity? Since the hour
you vomited forth from the gaping
wound of a woman, you have done
nothing but crush man's soaring
desires in a deluge of
sanctimonious morality. You
have inflamed the pubertal mind
of youth with your repellant
dogman of Original Sin. And
now you're resolved on denying
him ultimate joy beyond death
by destroying me. But you will

Cont.

DAMIEN (Cont.)
fail, Nazarene, as you have
always failed. We were both
created in man's image, but while
you were born of an impotent
God, I was conceived of a
Jackal, born of Satan -- the
Desolate One -- the Nail. Your
pain on the cross was but a
splinter compared to the agony
of my father: cast out from
heaven, the Fallen Angel,
banished, reviled!

Suddenly Damien lurches forward, grabbing the crown of thorns
in his open palms.

DAMIEN
I would drive deeper the thorns
into your rancid carcass, you
profaner of vices, accursed
Nazarene!
(looks up)
O Satan, beloved father, I will
avenge thy torment by destroying
the Christ forever!

Damien grips the crown of thorns, imbedding the metal spikes
into his palms. A simple tear of blood runs down the
tortured gaze of Christ.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

68

LONG SHOT: The vast two-hundred-and-fifty-foot dish antenna
of an Observatory, silhouetted against a moonlit sky. A
moment's silence, then the low, harmonic chord of the
Christ Child Theme fades gently in, slowly building as the
sequence progresses.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

69

Damien lies in bed, asleep, visible only by the moonlight
filtering in from the window. The Rotweiller Dog lies on the
floor at the foot of the bed, also asleep.

INT. OBSERVATORY - OBSERVATION AREA - NIGHT

70

HIGH SHOT: SHOOTING ACROSS the Observation Area TOWARD the
elevator doors at the far end. The doors open, and a
Technician emerges, followed by De Carlo, Brother Antonio and
Brother Simeon.

Cont.

The Technician conducts the group towards a bank of data panels, where the Astronomer is checking a computer print-out. CAMERA REMAINS IN LONG SHOT as the Astronomer shakes hands with each of the Churchmen. The dialogue is inaudible, but evidently the purpose of their visit is mutually understood.

The Astronomer leads the group from the Observation Area to an adjacent Data Room.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

71

The Christ Child Theme continues to build as Damien sleeps on. The Rotweiller Dog stirs at the foot of the bed, then opens its eyes and glances about the room, sensing danger.

INT. OBSERVATORY - DATA ROOM - NIGHT

72

The Three Churchmen stand in front of the large scanning monitor, displaying the overall starfield of the northern sky within the pre-selected area seen earlier. The Astronomer watches the same image on a small monitor mounted above the analysis console, enabling him to keep a simultaneous check on a satellite map of the western hemisphere, displayed on a grid scanner. Both monitors exhibit digital read-outs top right, giving days, hours, minutes and seconds: 41 - 02. 21. 57 (58, 59, 22.00, 01 etc). A corresponding countdown digital read-out is displayed bottom left, computed in seconds: 0000243 (242, 241, 240, 239 etc). As before, the Astronomer addresses his instructions via an intercom.

ASTRONOMER

Convert to X-ray Eighty-four.

An X-ray process SUPERIMPOSES the star-fields on both monitors.

ASTRONOMER

Select Declination at forty-four
degrees twenty-one, framing on
the AR-four predict.

The telescope ZOOMS IN ON the selected areas, displayed on the two monitors.

ASTRONOMER

Hold.

ZOOM STOPS.

ASTRONOMER

Super Polarizing Filter One-A.

A polarizing filter SUPERIMPOSES the X-ray, converting the image to indigo for greater contrast. The digital read-out at top right reads 41 - 02. 22. 09., with the corresponding countdown display at bottom left on 0000231.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

73

The Rotweiller Dog stands by the window, whining at the moonlight. In f.g. Damien turns in his sleep.

EXT. STAR FIELD - SFX - NIGHT

74

FULL SHOT: The outer realms of space, a darkened void, embroidered with a myriad of tiny stars and silken nebulae. The countdown digital now reads 000084, regressing by the second, while the corresponding digital at top right reads 41 - 02, 24, 36., progressing at the same rate.

Cont.

Gradually a glow begins to seep in from bottom-left, bottom-right and top-center of frame: three halos dawning, vanguards of light growing brighter and brighter as they move steadily forward. Suddenly the screen flares blinding white.

ASTRONOMER

(o.s.)

Super Polarizing Filter Ten --

A dense polarizing SUPERIMPOSES, silhouetting the three massive suns that have blazed into vision: molten discs, shimmering in slow motion, their coronas alive with hoops of fire, moving steadily towards each other.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 75

Damien twists and turns in his sleep, as if in the grips of a nightmare, while the Rotweiller Dog whines disconsolate at the window, scratching its paws against the glass.

INT. OBSERVATORY - DATA ROOM - NIGHT 76

As the MUSIC BUILDS and cutting pace tightens, CAMERA MOVES IN ON the Astronomer's P.O.V. of the grid scanner displaying the satellite map: three rings, simulating the star positions in relation to the earth, begin to converge on each other. As they do so, the map enlarges within the scanner, following their course as the alignment concentrates over Northern Europe, narrowing down to the British Isles.

HIGH SHOT: The Three Churchmen gaze up at the scanning monitor, their faces glowing brighter in the reflected light of the screen --

EXT. STAR FIELD - SFX - NIGHT 77

The digital read-out at bottom-left counts down from 000012 - 11 - 10 - 9 - 8 as the three suns begin to converge, trebling their intensity --

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 78

Damien groans in the throes of his nightmare, oblivious to the Rotweiller Dog.

INT. OBSERVATORY - DATA ROOM - NIGHT 79

CLOSE SHOT: The Grid Scanner, now tight on Southern England as the three rings verge on alignment --

Cont.

HIGH SHOT, shooting down from the Scanning Monitor onto the Three Churchmen gazing up, their faces transfigured in light --

EXT. STAR FIELD - SFX - NIGHT 80

000003 - 2 - 1 - 0: The three suns merge in a blaze of light --

INT. OBSERVATORY - DATA ROOM - NIGHT 81

The three rings converge on the Grid Scanner, pulsating a series of dots into the center of their joint circle.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 82

A beat of darkness, a violent bark, then Damien suddenly swings bolt upright into shot, the panic of revelation in his eye.

LONG SHOT: Damien remains frozen, rooted with terror, gazing at nothing.

HOLD A BEAT.

EXT. BROCKET HALL - MAIN GATES - DAWN 83

LONG SHOT: A Security Guard opens the main gates, allowing Damien's limousine to coast out onto the main road. The Guard closes the gates behind it, then returns to the lodge.

INT. LIMOUSINE - TRAVELLING SHOT - DAWN 84

Damien sits alone in the back of the limousine, his eyes rimmed with dark circles, gazing ahead in preoccupied silence.

The monotonous drone of the engine is gradually overlapped by another sound: the distant baying of Demonstrators hurling abuse. Gradually Damien reacts to the noise -- a brief smile as he realises its significance.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY AND GROSVENOR SQUARE - DAY 85

A line of Policemen hold back an angry crowd of Demonstrators lining the pavement facing the Embassy. Many of them hold up placards denouncing America's involvement with Israel: "END YOUR SUPPORT FOR THE JEWISH BASTARDS!" "WHERE'S YOUR VOICE, AMERICA?", "CONDEM ISRAELI MASS MURDERERS!", etc.

The limousine pulls up outside the Embassy and Damien steps out. Several members of the Press are waiting for him on the steps.

Cont.

PRESSMAN 1

How do you feel, Mr. Ambassador?

DAMIEN

Never felt better.

PRESSMAN 2

Do you think there's any connection between the accident at the BBC and today's news?

DAMIEN

None whatsoever.

Damien walks up the steps, flanked by Two Security Men.

PRESSMAN 1

What's your comment on Schroeder's revelation that the Israelis were responsible for the Aswan Dam disaster?

DAMIEN

If it's true, then it's a bitter blow to world peace.

PRESSMAN 3

Is that an official condemnation?

DAMIEN

I condemn all violence, but it's too early to be specific.

PRESSMAN 4

The Soviet Union's offered its full support to Egypt for immediate retaliation...how do you react to that?

DAMIEN

I'm sorry gentlemen, but I have no further comment to make at this time.

Damien moves to the door.

KATE

(o.s.)
Mr. Thorn...?

Cont.

Damien looks round to see Kate, pushing her way through the Pressmen.

DAMIEN
Good morning, Miss Reynolds.

One of the Security Men holds open the door for Damien.

DAMIEN
(to Security
Man)
It's okay, let her through.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 86

Kate follows Damien inside the Embassy towards the elevator.

KATE
I tried calling you last night,
but there was no reply. Isn't
there anything we can do to make
up for it?

DAMIEN
Like what, for instance?

KATE
Well, er --
(a smile)
Like finishing the interview?

Damien pauses by the elevator, presses the button.

DAMIEN
(responding)
I'd sooner you did it at my
place - - yours is a little too
dramatic for my taste. You
could stay on to dinner
afterwards if you like...just
the three of us.

The elevator doors open and Damien steps inside.

KATE
Three?

DAMIEN
You, me and Peter.

Cont.

KATE

Oh, Peter. But don't feel
he has to come too.

Pause.

DAMIEN

I'd like him to.

The doors close over Damien's oblique smile.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAMIEN'S OFFICE - DAY

87

Dean stands by the window in Damien's Embassy office, talking on the telephone while keeping an eye on the crowd of Demonstrators in the street below. The office is the same one in which the former Ambassador choreographed his messy demise. It has now been redecorated to accommodate Damien's taste for Regency furniture in place of the non-descript Hilton-style trappings of his predecessor. Photographs of his family are on the wall: his father (Gregory Peck), mother (Lee Remick), uncle (William Holden), aunt (Lee Grant), as well as reminders of himself as a child (Harvey Stephens) and as a cadet at the Davidson Military Academy (Jonathan Scott-Taylor).

DEAN

(on phone)

What time did the White House
get it?

(pause)

Oh, okay, well it's two-thirty
our time, so I guess we should
get a response by, what? Noon
your time?

(pauses, then
laughs)

You bet, I haven't seen anything
like it since the gas riots.
Just hate to think what it's like
down at the Israeli Embassy.

(pause)

No, a boy -- and boy is he ugly!

(laughs)

Thanks, Paul -- talk to you
later.

Dean hangs up as Damien wanders into the room, preoccupied
and moody.

Cont.

DEAN

(to Damien)

That was Buher -- he's just sent over the NLF Report to the White House -- says it's so full of holes you could drive a truck through it.

Damien wanders over to the window, ignoring him.

DEAN

Damien -- thanks for the flowers ...Barbara really appreciated them.

DAMIEN

And the daggers?

DEAN

Oh...Buher's got the disciples working on it. Apparently they came up for auction a few years back, and were bought by a priest who passed them on to a monastery in Italy -- Subi-something-or-other.

Dean glances at his notes for the name.

DAMIEN

Subiaco...the Monastery of San Benedetto.

DEAN

That's it -- Subiaco. We've got our Italian people working on it, so...

DAMIEN

(interrupting)

Too late -- the birds will have flown. They're here in England for the birth of the Nazarene, trying to destroy me before I destroy them.

(introspectively)

He was born last night.

CAMERA FAVORS Dean's reaction as Damien continues.

Cont.

DAMIEN

I felt his presence from the moment of his birth...like a virus, a parasite, feeding on my energy, trying to drain me of power. For every day that he lives and grows, my force will weaken.

Damien gazes out of the window at the crowd below, no longer talking to Dean.

DAMIEN

You're out there hiding somewhere. Are you such a coward, Nazarene, that you can't face me alone? Hide if you must, but I will hunt you down, and as you have nailed man to your Cross of Piety, so I will nail you to a Cross of Oblivion.

DEAN

Damien --

Dean is standing by the other window; he points down at the CROWD below.

DEAN

Take a look down there.

Damien looks out of his window.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAMIEN'S P.O.V. - DAY 88

FROM Damien's P.O.V, the CAMERA HOLDS IN LONG SHOT a moment ON the Crowd of Demonstrators. Among all the placards denouncing the Israelis, one stands out by its very incongruity: "REJOICE, FOR CHRIST IS REBORN!" CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON the placard and its bearer: Brother Matteus, the Preacher at Speaker's Corner.

HOLD A BEAT.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY AND GROSVENOR SQUARE - NIGHT 89

Late at night, the street almost deserted, the demonstrators

Cont.

gone. Only a few lights still burn in the Embassy.
The Ambassador's limousine is parked in front of the main entrance, the Driver dozing at the wheel.

Brother Matteus sits on a bench in the Garden Square opposite the Embassy, feeding pigeons, his placard lying on the bench beside him. He takes an occasional furtive glance at the Embassy, aware that he is being watched by Two Figures in one of the upper windows.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - P.O.V. THROUGH WINDOW - 90
NIGHT

SHOOTING THROUGH the window in Damien's office: Matteus can be seen in the distance, sitting on the bench in the Garden Square.

DEAN

(o.s.)

Why's he just sitting there?

DAMIEN

(o.s.)

Waiting for me to follow him
...into a trap.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAMIEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 91

Damien and Dean stand by the window, watching Matteus o.s.

DEAN

He must be an idiot - - What makes him think you're going to fall for something like that?

DAMIEN

Because he knows that's exactly what I intend to do.

DEAN

But what if he's got one of the daggers?

Damien picks up a pair of binoculars, trains them on Matteus.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAMIEN'S P.O.V. - NIGHT 92

Damien's P.O.V. through the binoculars: Matteus looks up from his pigeon-feeding, glances furtively towards CAMERA.

Cont.

DAMIEN

(o.s)
I'll be wasting my time if he
hasn't.

HOLD A BEAT Matteus, looking directly INTO CAMERA.

EXT. CELTIC RUINS (ROCHE ROCK CORNWALL) - DAWN 93

EXTREME LONG SHOT: the bleak, windswept Scottish moors, high above Cape Wrath. On the horizon, silhouetted against the rising sun, stands a massive granite tor, surmounted by a ruined Chapel. The base of the Chapel is built into the rock face, and at first sight appears to be quite inaccessible since the Chapel itself is perched a hundred feet above the ground level. In f.g., a flock of sheep graze among some old tombstones, tended by a Shepherd.

As the low, harmonic chord of the Christ Child Theme filters in, the CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY UP TOWARDS the Chapel ruins. The rising sun streams in through the glassless altar window, flaring into the lens.

INT. STATION AND PLATFORM - SCOTLAND - DAY 94

Matteus steps down from a train and proceeds along the platform towards the ticket barrier, carrying only a shoulder bag.

EXT. STATION AND ROAD - SCOTLAND - DAY 95

Matteus leaves the small town station and crosses the road to a bus shelter.

EXT. BUS SHELTER/INT. RANGE ROVER - SCOTLAND - DAY 96

Viewed through the windscreen of a Range Rover, Matteus climbs aboard a single-decker country bus. As the bus pulls away, the Range Rover's engine starts up in f.g.

EXT. COAST ROAD - SCOTLAND - DAY 97

The bus drives along a twisting coast road. There is virtually no other traffic, and the Range Rover has little difficulty in following the bus at a quarter-mile distance.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - SCOTLAND - DAY 98

The bus winds uphill through a mountain pass, tailed by the Range Rover.

EXT. ROAD - SCOTLAND - DAY

99

Late afternoon in the rugged, mountainous landscape of the Cape Wrath region. The country bus rounds a corner and disappears from view.

Presently the Range Rover comes INTO SIGHT; it too follows the bend in the road OUT OF VIEW.

EXT. ROAD AND BUS STOP - SCOTLAND - DUSK

100

The country bus pulls up at a lone request stop on the moors. Apart from a pair of crofters' cottages on the far side of the road, the landscape is devoid of habitation. Matteus steps down from the bus, then waits by the verge as it pulls away.

EXT. ROAD - HIGHER GROUND - SCOTLAND - DUSK

101

IN EXTREME LONG SHOT, SHOOTING FROM higher ground a half-mile back down the road, Matteus is no more than a distant speck. The SOUND of the Range Rover's engine approaches from behind, idles a moment, then switches off. Matteus waits for the bus to disappear over the far horizon before climbing a sty and striking out along a bridle track toward a distant valley. A pause, then the Range Rover's engine fires up BEHIND CAMERA.

The Range Rover drives over the remnants of a low-stone wall at the side of the road, then strikes out across the heather-clad moorland beyond.

EXT. VALLEY AND MOUNTAIN RIDGE - SCOTLAND - DUSK

102

Matteus plods on toward the valley and the gathering gloom. As he PASSES FROM SHOT, CAMERA HOLDS ON the mountain ridge beyond him, SLOWLY ZOOMING IN ON the swollen sun, a veritable headache sinking over the horizon. The Range Rover moves across the molten disc, a grain of dirt clinging to the skyline.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE AND VALLEY - SCOTLAND - DUSK

103

SHOOTING FROM the mountain slope, the valley is now swallowed in darkness. The Range Rover appears over the brow of the ridge, groping its way through the gloom without headlights. It comes to a halt; the engine idles a moment, then switches off.

EXT. VALLEY - SCOTLAND - DUSK

104

Matteus reaches a small white stone marker in the ground. He pauses a moment, turns and listens. Silence. He opens

Cont.

his shoulder bag and extracts a walkie-talkie.

MATTEUS
(into walkie-
talkie)
Matteus at the half-kilometer.
Thorn is in parallel, about
five hundred metres northwest
of me. He is wearing a blue
anorak. Over.

A pause, followed by a response from the walkie-talkie.

MALE VOICE
(over
walkie-talkie)
Proceed as planned. Over and
out.

Matteus switches off.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE AND VALLEY - SCOTLAND - DUSK 105

In LONG SHOT the Range Rover remains stationary, almost invisible in the darkness. We HEAR the SOUND of a door opening -- a soft whistle -- then the gruff pant of the Rotweiller dog jumping down from the Range Rover.

EXT. CELTIC RUINS (ROCHE ROCK CORNWALL) - DUSK 106

Silhouetted in the high altar window, a lone FIGURE can be seen, keeping lookout over the moors.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP AND APPROACH (CORNWALL) - NIGHT 107

The flock of SHEEP graze peacefully among the slanting tombstones. Suddenly one of them looks up...senses danger, and bolts into the darkness, followed by the others. A long pause as silence returns, the CAMERA HOLDING IN LOW ANGLE.

Presently Matteus rounds the corner of a rocky outcrop; he hesitates a moment, peering into the darkness, then reacts to something ahead of him. In a SERIES OF RAPID SHOTS, the CAMERA JUMP CUTS FROM LONG SHOT THROUGH MEDIUM SHOT AND CLOSEUP INTO an EXTREME CLOSEUP of Matteus' face, frozen in terror.

INT. CELTIC CHAPEL AND P.O.V. (ROCHE ROCK CORNWALL) 107-A
- NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE, SHOOTING THROUGH the ruined altar window TOWARDS the distant moors. In f.g., the lookout Figure (seen in Scene 107) keeps watch, his back TO CAMERA. Suddenly he reacts to something o.s., darts o.s.

EXT. CELTIC RUINS (ROCHE ROCK CORNWALL) - NIGHT

108

LONG SHOT: the Celtic Chapel, now lit by moonlight. Damien ENTERS SHOT from BEHIND CAMERA, wearing his blue anorak. He walks towards the Chapel, his back TO CAMERA.

HIGH SHOT, SHOOTING DOWN FROM the top of the rock. Damien, his face masked by the anorak, reaches the base of the rock and begins to mount a rusted iron ladder -- the only means of access to the Chapel.

INT. CELTIC CHAPEL (STUDIO) - NIGHT

109

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING TOWARDS the open doorway. Only the moonlit sky is visible beyond. Presently we hear the SOUND of heavy panting as Damien climbs the ladder outside. A pause, then he appears in the doorway.

TRACKING IN LOW ANGLE, Damien walks into the church and approaches a stone altar. As he reaches the steps, the TWO FIGURES leap out at him from the shadows and hurl him face down on the altar, each stabbing him with a dagger. We now see that they are Brother Paulo and Brother Martin.

Damien's corpse lies face down on the altar, the daggers plunged in his back. Brother Paulo steps forward and makes a sign of the cross over the corpse.

PAULO

In nomine Patri, e Filii, e Spiriti
Sancti...Amen.

Paulo and Martin grip the corpse by the shoulders and turn him over, reacting in horror as they recognize their victim: Brother Matteus, his expression a death mask of terror, his eyes rolled completely back into their sockets so that only the glazen, milky whites are showing.

MARTIN

(disbelieving)

But...but I saw him.

Paulo glances at Martin, then turns to the high altar window, clasping his hands in prayer:

PAULO

Sweet Saviour, spare our minds
from the possession of the
Antichrist...save us from --

Paulo breaks off as he hears the panting growl of the Rotweiller dog behind them. The TWO MONKS turn to flee, but find that the dog is guarding the entrance to the Chapel -- the only visible escape.

Cont.

HIGH ANGLE, SHOOTING DOWN FROM the altar window. Martin and Paulo back away from the dog and turn once again towards the altar window, reacting in horror to something o.s. BEHIND CAMERA.

From the MONKS' P.O.V. we see the spectral, translucent image of a Jackal's skull, framed by the altar window and gazing in from the darkness beyond. It is the same image seen earlier by the American Ambassador (Scene 26), only now it is vast, surreal, dwarfing the top of the massive stone cross in f.g. As with the Ambassador, it is seen strictly as a P.O.V.: an image in the mind of the beholder. The apparition is devoid of all human features; its side-flanked eyes contain no pupils, only a spidery network of veins heaving in their empty sockets, the whole pulsating as if fed by an inner glow, a phosphorescent energy that creates a monochrome negative effect, a phantom X-ray suspended in the void of night.

LOW ANGLE: the TWO MONKS turn sharply away from the window, their eyes wildly searching for an escape. The window is visible beyond them, but there is no sign of the Jackal image.

Paulo spots the opening to an old cistern well leading down to the base of the rock. It is half-covered by a rusted grill, leaving enough room to squeeze through the entrance.

UP SHOT: FROM inside the cistern: Paulo slithers down inside, but reacts to the sheer drop below him. He manages to cling to the grill as Martin follows him to relative safety.

SHOOTING DOWN: both MONKS are now inside the cistern, clinging to the half-open grill. A long pause, then they hear the familiar pant of the Rotweiller dog as it ENTERS SHOT.

UP SHOT: FROM inside the cistern: Paulo and Martin look up at the dog, staring down at them. A pause, then the grill itself starts to slide shut, effectively entombing them in the cistern.

EXT. BROCKET HALL AND LAWN - DAY

110

Damien and Dean stroll along the terrace in front of the house.

DAMIEN

There are still three daggers left,
but I can't afford to waste time
any longer. The only way to be rid
of the Nazarene is to exterminate
every male child in the country born
between midnight and dawn on March
twenty-fourth.

Cont.

DEAN

But how can we be sure he's still
in the country?

DAMIEN

'And he shall come forth out of
the Angel Isle'...that's what
the prophecy says, and if there's
one thing these pendant Christians
believe in, it's sticking to the
letter of their prophecies.

Damien pauses a moment, casually picks a rhododendron bud and
starts to peel the petals off it.

DAMIEN

How's Barbara?

DEAN

Fine.

Damien continues peeling the bud.

DAMIEN

And your son?

DEAN

Fine, fine.

CUT TO:

INT. BROCKET HALL - CORRIDOR AND DRAWING ROOM - DAY 110-A

A door in the corridor opens, and Peter dashes out, leaving the
door open behind him. CAMERA HOLDS a moment ON the drawing
room beyond, where Kate and her TELEVISION CREW are lining up
for her interview with Damien.

EXT. BROCKET HALL AND LAWN - DAY

110-B

While Damien and Dean continue talking in f.g., Peter runs out
of the house towards them.

DAMIEN

He was born March twenty-forth,
wasn't he?

DEAN

Who?

DAMIEN

Your son.

Cont.

DEAN
(quickly)
No no -- March twenty-third...
just before midnight.

Peter runs up to Damien, who remains looking at Dean.

PETER
(to Damien)
Mummy says she's ready for you.

Damien smiles, his eyes remaining on Dean.

DAMIEN
Tell her half a minute, then I'll
be ready for her.

PETER
Okay -- thirty, twenty-nine,
twenty-eight, twenty-seven,
twenty-six...

Peter runs back, counting the seconds outloud. Damien
crumbles the last of the rhododendron bud between his fingers.

DAMIEN
(quietly)
Liquidate the Nazarene.

DEAN
But how?

DAMIEN
That's what disciples are for.
Summon them to the island on
Sunday. I'm taking Kate and
Peter down to Cornwall for the
Hunt on Saturday, so I'll make
my own way there.

PETER
(calling from
the doorway)
Come on, time's up!

Damien waves to Peter, starts to walk away, notes Dean's glum
expression.

DAMIEN
(strong British
accent)
Chin up, old boy.

Damien strolls off towards the house, leaving Dean alone.

EXT. BADEN-POWELL HOUSE - QUEEN'S GATE - DAY

111

A SCOUT LEADER leaves the building with several SCOUT CUBS. TWO of the SCOUT CUBS accompany the SCOUT LEADER to his car, while the others go off in the other direction.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

112

A gaggle of NURSES leave the hospital at the end of their shift. All except ONE NURSE join a group of others going off to a sports and social club. The LONE NURSE hails a taxi outside the station.

OUT 113

EXT. MINISTRY OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY - DAY 114

A SENIOR OFFICER from the Ministry of Health and Social Security, DR. PHILMORE, waves good-bye to TWO COLLEAGUES, then goes to his car, parked nearby.

INT. CHURCH VESTRY - DAY

115

A brood of CHOIR BOYS happily discard their white surplices and cingulums for blue jeans and T-shirts at the end of a choir practice, supervised by a VICAR.

EXT. CHURCH AND STREET - DAY

116

THREE of the CHOIR BOYS climb inside the back of a car while the Vicar gets in the front. CAMERA HOLDS as the car drives away from the church, the OTHER CHOIR BOYS wandering off home in various directions.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CORNWALL - DAY

117

The MEMBERS of a CORNISH HUNT are assembled outside a country house, drinking a traditional cup in the saddle prior to the hunt. FRIENDS and RELATIVES of the HUNTSMEN stand outside the house, while mere SPECTATORS are assigned the other side of the drive. Damien is very much the center of attention, and a number of PRESS CAMERAMEN are on hand to photograph him, resplendent in his scarlet coat, white stock and black top hat.

EXT. VIADUCT - CORNWALL - DAY

118

TIGHT SHOT: a terrier dog on a lead barks at the somewhat unorthodox entrance to a fox's den: a narrow slab of muddy rock, no more than a foot wide, running adjacent to a fast flow of water. Both rock and water form part of an old aqueduct that has fallen into disrepair; normally the stream would not be visible, but a section of the stone "roof" has caved in, giving access to the tiny tow-path beneath.

Cont.

The terrier dog yaps excitedly, straining at its lead. A hand comes INTO SHOT and releases it, allowing the dog to slither o.s. along the tow-path.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CORNWALL - DAY

119

While Damien poses with the MASTER OF THE HUNT for the benefit of the PHOTOGRAPHERS, Kate talks to Peter, who is mounted on a pony, dressed in a black jacket and cap. A female specimen of the local landed gentry -- SUSAN -- sits in her saddle beside him.

KATE

(to Peter)

Now don't forget, you're not Clint Eastwood. Stay close to Susan, and don't go showing off to Damien.

PETER

Much chance I've got on this thing -- why can't I ride a horse?

KATE

It's your first hunt, and I don't want you littering the countryside with your broken bones.

(smiles)

Keep Britain beautiful...and that includes you.

Peter raises his eyes with a dit.

PETER

Why do you always have to worry about me so much?

KATE

(lightly)

Because I love you...because you're all I have.

Kate squeezes Peter's hand and extracts a smile from him.

SUSAN

(o.s.)

Don't worry -- I'll keep a good eye on him.

EXT. VIADUCT - DAY

120

TIGHT SHOT: the entrance to the fox's den in the aqueduct. A pause, then we hear the muffled SOUND of yelps and barks underground. As they grow louder, a pair of hands ENTER SHOT,

holding a cage tight against the entrance. Suddenly the fox darts out and into the cage, a hand snapping the door shut behind it. Moments later the terrier appears, its nose covered in dirt, yapping at the prey denied it.

TIGHT SHOT: the caged fox is passed up to the hand of someone apparently on horseback.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CORNWALL 121

The MASTER OF HOUNDS sounds the departure of the MEET, and Damien moves off alongside the Master of the Hunt.

At the rear of the Hunt, Peter waves good-bye to Kate.

KATE
'Bye, darling --

Kate blows Peter a kiss as he rides off under the watchful eye of Susan. Kate remains in the drive, her apprehension disguised by a smile and a wave, watching her son merge with the colorful entourage of HUNTSMEN, GROOMS, TERRIER MEN and HOUNDS.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD AND HILLSIDE - DAY 122

The Hunt turns off the road through an open gate, heading towards the brow of a hill.

EXT. WOOD AND P.O.V. OF HILLSIDE - DAY 123

SHOOTING THROUGH the perimeter trees of a wood, the Hunt can be seen in EXTREME LONG SHOT as they reach the top of the hill.

EXT. HILLSIDE AND COPSE - DAY 124

The Hunt waits patiently on the brow of the hill while the Master of Hounds gives the order for the Hounds to draw the fox from the copse below them.

EXT. COPSE - DAY 125

The Hounds race down from the hill and into the copse, then start to nose about the undergrowth for the scent of a fox. The CAMERA OBSERVES them in LOW ANGLE at ground level, as if adopting the P.O.V. of their prey.

EXT. HILLSIDE AND COPSE - DAY 126

The Hunt waits on the hilltop, surveying the copse below them. Peter looks across at Damien with a wistful eye: Damien catches the glance, smiles; Peter indicates Susan with a gesture of "why do I have to be saddled with her," Damien shrugs in agreement, winks.

A pause, then the distant baying of Hounds from the copse signals that a fox has been scented. The Master of Hounds responds with the familiar two-tone battle-cry of the hunting horn, and the chase is on.

EXT. WOOD AND P.O.V. OF HILLSIDE - DAY

127

SHOOTING FROM the same vantage point as Scene 123, we see the distant Huntsmen gallop down the side of the hill and into the copse. As they do so, the CAMERA SHIFTS its position slightly, while on SOUND we hear the breaking of twigs under foot, the brief snuffle of a horse in f.g. o.s.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FOXHUNT MONTAGE - DAY

128

The Huntsmen blunder through the undergrowth in pursuit of the Hounds, the Master of Hounds howling the traditional "hollaa!" as he sights the fox.

The fox bolts out from the far side of the copse, pursued by the Hounds. Damien follows swiftly behind them, already in the lead of the Hunt.

In the MONTAGE that follows, Damien is seen to be an expert horseman, far superior to his fellow Huntsmen. Moreover his instincts seem closer aligned to the Hounds than the riders: the spark of the chase blazes in his eyes, the scent of the kill flares his appetite. Gone is charade of manners adopted by the other Huntsmen -- for perhaps the first time we see Damien as one truly "born of the jackal"...

As the chase continues, Damien pulls way ahead of the rest of the Hunt, overtaking many of the Hounds and effectively splitting the pack into two.

EXT. PATH AND CANAL - DAY

129

P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS: The fox rides out across a field TOWARDS CAMERA, but at a parallel angle, and still some distance away, followed by Damien and the lead Hounds.

A HORSEMAN, whom we now see to be Brother Antonio, watches the hunt through binoculars. He is standing by the edge of a small canal running alongside a woodland path above the field. A shotgun is slung across his shoulder, the caged fox strapped to the saddle. A beat, then he puts away the binoculars and gallops off along the path in the same direction as Damien, but still way ahead of him.

EXT. WOOD AND FENCE - DAY

130

The fox scrambles under a fence separating the field from a wood; gaining distance on it come the first of the Hounds, followed by Damien, who vaults the fence.

EXT. WOOD - DAY

TIGHT SHOT: a hand loads two cartridges into a double-barrel shotgun.

EXT. WOOD AND PATH - DAY

131-A

Damien rides at full gallop along the woodland path, the Hounds streaming out behind him.

EXT. WOOD - DAY

131-B

CLOSE SHOT: Antonio takes aim down the sights of the shotgun, pans with his moving target, then fires. Twice.

EXT. WOODLAND PATH AND CAVE - DAY

132

LOW ANGLE: the deserted woodland track. In the distance, we hear the baying of the approaching hounds. Suddenly Antonio appears from the bushes on foot -- CAMERA PANS him as he runs to pick up the dead fox lying in f.g., then doubles back into the bushes.

We now see that the path is on a slight embankment, and a cave-like bridge runs underneath it. Antonio dumps the dead fox in the cave, picks up the cage containing the second fox, and quickly crawls back up the embankment.

SHOOTING ALONG the woodland track: the lead Hounds round the bend in the track and race towards us. In f.g., Antonio lies flat on his stomach behind the bushes, holding the caged fox. A beat, then he releases the catch on the door, and the fox tears out along the track, away from the approaching Hounds.

From Damien's P.O.V. as he rounds the corner: the fox is just visible in the distance, racing away from him. From this angle we see that there is a fork in the track branching off to the left, but ignored by the Hounds.

Antonio crouches under the cave-like bridge, hurriedly tying a length of string to the feet of the dead fox, while Damien gallops overhead in pursuit of his new prey.

Antonio waits a moment, then scrambles clear of the bridge to where his Horse is tethered.

Other Hounds are now racing along the track, but there is still no sight of the rest of the Hunt. Antonio rides up from the embankment, dragging the dead fox behind him and causing total confusion among their ranks.

Antonio gallops the short distance back to the fork in the track, followed by the yelping Hounds.

EXT. WOOD AND FENCE - DAY

133

The main body of the Hunt, including Peter and Susan, vault the fence (in Scene 130) and take to the woodland track.

EXT. SECOND TRACK - DAY

134

Antonio rides out along the second track, dragging the dead fox ahead of the Hounds.

EXT. WOODLAND TRACK AND FORK - DAY

135

The remainder of the Hounds, followed by the Hunt, fork left along the second path. CAMERA PANS RIGHT, HOLDING A BEAT ON the deserted track taken by Damien.

EXT. VIADUCT APPROACH - DAY

136

The second fox races along the course of an abandoned railway leading out along a massive granite viaduct. Damien and the lead Hounds are now only a short distance behind it.

EXT. WOODS AND WATERFALL - DAY

137

Without slowing his pace, Antonio hauls in the dead fox. The second track takes him past a waterfall that once powered a now-derelict mill. He rides up to the edge, hurls the dead animal over the waterfall, then rides o.s. CAMERA HOLDS a moment ON the body of the fox as it tumbles o.s. through the decaying machinery of the mill.

EXT. VIADUCT - EASTERN ACCESS - DAY

138

LOW ANGLE: Damien rounds the curved approach wall of the viaduct, flanked by two gothic-styled towers and an open fence. In f.g., the waters of a small canal flow into the roofed tunnel of the aqueduct, carried across the valley by the viaduct beyond.

EXT. VIADUCT - DAY

139

The fox tears along the viaduct, then bolts down the entrance to its den (established in Scene 118) seconds ahead of the Hounds. Damien rides up as the Hounds converge on the hole, yapping after the fox, but unable to follow it underground.

EXT. VIADUCT - DAY

140

SHOOTING FROM the viaduct approach (as in Scene 138): Damien can be seen in EXTREME LONG SHOT at the far end of the viaduct as he dismounts. A beat, then Antonio rides stealthily INTO SHOT from behind CAMERA, approaching the viaduct with caution. As he rides through the gate, he closes it behind him without leaving the saddle.

EXT. VIADUCT - WESTERN ACCESS - DAY

140-A

LONG SHOT SHOOTING FROM the opposite (western) end of the viaduct: Damien walks over to inspect the fox's hold, surrounded by the Hounds. Beyond him, Antonio can be seen riding slowly down the viaduct towards him, his approach inaudible above the yapping Hounds. A second monk, Brother Simeon, ENTERS SHOT in f.g. and walks out onto the viaduct, closing the gate behind him.

SAME SCENE

140-B

SHOOTING UP FROM inside the entrance to the fox's den: Damien peers almost INTO SHOT, surrounded by the lusting Hounds. A pause, then Antonio appears beyond him on horseback. He takes out a dagger from inside his coat, prepares to dismount.

WIDER ANGLE: Damien looks up to see Simeon moving towards him from the western approach, his dagger drawn. Simeon looks o.s. prompting Damien to swing round in time to see Antonio about to dismount. Without hesitation, Damien turns his eyes on Antonio's horse: an icy, hypnotic gaze that sends the animal into a frenzy. It rears up into the air, dispatching Antonio from the saddle and hurling him over the wall of the viaduct.

EXT. VIADUCT AND RIVER - DAY

140-C

Antonio's body plunges over the viaduct, twisting in the air as it plummets towards the jagged rocks of a river far below.

EXT. VIADUCT - DAY

140-D

Now Simeon advances on Damien, his way obstructed by the Hounds still milling round the entrance to the fox's den. As he does so, Damien turns his eyes on the Hounds: the same icy gaze he inflicted on Antonio's horse. For a brief moment the Hounds yelp in aimless confusion -- as if scenting a new prey; suddenly they turn on Simeon and like a pack of crazed wolves, hurling themselves at him and tearing him limb from spouting limb.

HOLD A BEAT.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - CORNWALL - DAY

141

MEMBERS OF THE HUNT stand and chatter in the drive of the country house while the MASTER OF HOUNDS herds his DOGS into a trailer. The Hunt is evidently over, and in f.g. Kate talks to Peter, still mounted on his pony, while Susan stands to one side.

PETER

(to Kate)

Damien must have gone after another fox...curs went over a waterfall.

KATE

I think I'd rather be drowned than torn to shreds if I was the fox.

PETER

But it meant I couldn't be blooded.

KATE

(to Susan)

Couldn't be what?

SUSAN

It's an old fox-hunting custom ...if it's your first hunt and there's a kill, they smear your face with the blood of the fox.

PETER

Poor old thing...

(calling)

Hey, Damien --

Peter lights up as he sees Damien riding up the drive, followed by the remaining HOUNDS. He spurs his pony into action and rides out to meet him.

Damien raises a welcoming hand as Peter rides up.

PETER

Did you catch one?

DAMIEN

(nodding)

The hounds didn't leave too many souvenirs...but I saved you some of the blood.

Damien produces his white stock, soaked in blood. Peter's eyes light up.

Cont.

PETER

Can you blood me? I mean does
it count?

DAMIEN

It does with me.

Kate watches as Peter moves alongside Damien in LONG SHOT.
From her P.O.V., they are too far away for her to see what
is happening.

CLOSE TWO SHOT: Damien holds up the blooded stock to Peter
and brushes the tip against the boy's cheek. A pause, then
Peter puts the back of his hand against his cheek, looks at
the smudged blood, raises it gently to his mouth and presses
it against his lips. They gaze at each other in silence:
a deep, long, ambiguous exchange of unspoken desire and
understanding.

A pause, then Damien and Peter turn and ride back towards the
house, CAMERA HOLDING ON them as they recede into LONG SHOT.

The SOUND of the wind laps over --

EXT. SEA - DUSK

142

SHOOTING FROM a high cliff top over the sea: nothing is
visible but a canvas of grey expanse in the stillness of
twilight.

Presently a dark speck is observed, moving across the waters
in EXTREME LONG SHOT TOWARDS CAMERA -- a black HELICOPTER.

INT. HELICOPTER AND P.O.V. OF COVE - CORNWALL -
DUSK

143

P.O.V. FROM the helicopter as it skims over the sea at low
level, heading towards a barren cove enclosed by high cliffs.
An intermittent flash of red and white light sweeps across
the cove, emanating from a beacon situated on a rocky headland.

OUT 144-
145

EXT. COVE - CORNWALL - NIGHT

146

UP SHOT: the HELICOPTER flies in from the sea, hovers a moment
over the beach, then lands on the sand. The beacon light
sweeps overhead in a three-second flash, followed by ten
seconds of darkness. Damien climbs down from the HELICOPTER
and walks to a point midway between the shoreline and the base
of the cliff. As he does so, the HELICOPTER rises into the
air, then dips and heads out to sea.

Cont.

The beacon light sweeps over Damien, then returns the cove to darkness. Damien turns towards the cliff face and addresses the void before him.

DAMIEN

Disciples of the Watch, I stand before you in the name of the one true God, Lord of the Lower Empire, who was cast out from Heaven, but is alive in me. Do you hear me?

A thousand VOICES whisper in response from out of the darkness.

DISCIPLES

We hear and obey.

As they do so, the beacon light sweeps 'round the cove, picking out the eyes and faces of a THOUSAND DISCIPLES, perched like gulls up and down the cliff. The cove now resembles some pagan amphitheatre, a vast semi-circle of humanity listening to Damien.

As Damien continues, the CAMERA PICKS OUT various DISCIPLES, including Dean, the CHOIR BOYS, BOY SCOUTS, and others established in SCENES 111-116.

DAMIEN

I now command you to seek out and destroy the Nazarene child. Slay the Nazarene, and I shall reign forever; fail, and I perish. Slay the Nazarene, and you, my disciples, shall truly inherit this earth; fail, and you will perish without trace. Slay the Nazarene, and you shall know the violent raptures of my father's paradise hereafter; fail, and you will be condemned to a numbing eternity in the flaccid bosom of Christ. Do you hear me?

DISCIPLES

(a whisper)

We hear and obey.

DAMIEN

Disciples of the Watch, there must be no delay. Slay the Nazarene, and the victory shall be ours, now and forevermore! Do you hear me?

Cont.

DISCIPLES
(a whisper)
We hear and obey.

The DISCIPLES start chanting "Slay the Nazarene! Slay the Nazarene! Slay the Nazarene!" their whispered voices echoing 'round the cove like the beating of bats' wings...

SHARP CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN/DINING AREA - DAY 147

CLOSE SHOT ON a two-week-old BABY BOY, gurgling in its cot... His mother, BARBARA, finishes making out a shopping list, then transfers the baby from its cot into a pram, to the accompaniment of baby talk.

BARBARA
(ad-libbed)
C'mon, Junior...there we are,
there we go...

Someone taps at the kitchen window.

CAROL
(calling)
Barbara.

Barbara looks up to see an English friend, CAROL, standing outside the kitchen window.

BARBARA
Oh, hi, Carol -- be with you
in a moment.

Barbara tucks her baby snugly inside the pram.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - STUDY - DAY 148

Dean works alone at his desk in a small study, sorting through a pile of xeroxed birth certificates and checking them against a typed list. Three telephones are on his desk, interspersed with family photographs.

Cont.

BARBARA
(o.s., calling)
Harvey...Just off shopping
with Carol -- I'm taking
junior with me.

DEAN
(without looking
up)
Okay. Don't forget to
pick up my jacket from
the cleaners.

BARBARA
(o.s.)
I won't. See you.

Dean waits until he hears the front door close, then unlocks his briefcase, containing a radio telephone. He picks up the receiver and taps out a number. A pause.

DEAN
(into phone)
Petersen? Harvey Dean.
You're operating O.S.
sectors TQ 1423 through
TS 2223. Okay, three for
Liverpool. First the
Brookman family at 23
Ormsby Road, Sefton Park,
Liverpool...

Dean is apparently interrupted at the other end. He listens patiently a moment, nodding sympathetically.

DEAN
I know how you feel...and
don't think I don't feel the
same way. But it's a job
that has to be done, however
distasteful it might seem.
(pause)
Right, have you got that?
Sefton Park, Liverpool.
Boy's name is Christopher.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HIGH STREET AND SHOPS - DAY 149

Barbara leaves a supermarket with Carol, both women wheeling their respective babies in prams, which also serve to carry their shopping.

EXT. ABBOTT'S LANE - HAMPSTEAD - DAY 150

In LONG SHOT: Barbara and Carol wheel their prams along Abbott's Lane, chatting about the business of babies, but too far away to be audible.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - STUDY - DAY 151

Dean continues talking on the radio phone.

DEAN
(into phone)
...Kirkby Towers, Kirkby, 14.
Boy's name's Alexander David.
(pause)
Okay? By Tuesday night.

Dean hangs up, checks his list for another number, dials.

EXT. INTERSECTION - HAMPSTEAD - DAY 152

At an intersection, Barbara and Carol go their separate ways, waving goodbye to each other. CAMERA REMAINS ON Carol as she comes toward us, then turns into Holland Hill Road.

EXT. HOLLAND HILL ROAD - HAMPSTEAD - DAY 153

Carol comes INTO SHOT at the top of Holland Hill Road. Suddenly an object falls from above, right in front of her, dangling on a piece of string. Her hands dart instinctively to her mouth as she recognizes it as a dead, mutilated grey squirrel, suspended on the string from an overhanging branch. She lets out a cry of horror at the sight; the cry turns to a scream as she realizes that she has let go her pram.

Carol starts to run, but the pram is already hurtling out of control toward the busy main road at the foot of the hill. In the f.g. the dead squirrel is hauled back into the tree. A squeal of brakes, followed by the sound of a crash from the foot of the hill. In f.g. we hear the sound of boyish giggles from the tree above.

INT. HIGH RISE FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

154

LONG SHOT: of an empty hallway. From somewhere in the flat comes the sound of a baby crying. The front doorbell chimes. Presently a Young Mother emerges, goes to the front door and opens it. The Two Scout Cubs (from SCENE 109) stand in the doorway, smiling sweetly.

1ST CUB SCOUT

Good morning, ma'am -- we've
come to do our good deed for
the day.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

155

A pair of swing doors, marked "SPECIAL CARE BABY UNIT. NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT PROTECTIVE MASK AND GOWN." The sound of a baby crying can be heard coming from the Intensive Care Ward on the other side of the doors.

The doors swing open, and Two Nurses emerge from the darkened Ward, stripping off their disposable masks and gowns as they leave for a mid-morning break.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE WARD - DAY

156

The small ward is in semidarkness. It contains a dozen baby cots enclosed by oxygen tents. The door opens, and the Nurse (from SCENE 110) enters quietly, wearing a mask and gown. She moves along the row of cots, checking the names of the occupants on their temperature sheets with the aid of a pen-torch. She pauses by a cot at the far end of the ward.

SHOOTING FROM INSIDE the transparent plastic oxygen tent, we hear only the sound of breathing and the slight hiss of oxygen. Suddenly the nurse's masked face appears on the other side of the transparent tent, her features distorted by the plastic material. A pause, then the sound of oxygen stops. The breathing continues a moment before it too begins to fade, the sound gradually dissolving into the strains of a choir singing Psalm 120.

CHOIR

(voice over; singing)

The sun shall not burn thee by day:
nor the moon by night. The Lord
keepeth thee from all evil: may
the Lord keep thy soul...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

157

The Choir Boys (from SCENE 114) sing the end of Psalm 120 during a Service of Baptism.

Cont.

CHOIR

(singing)

May the Lord keep thy coming
in and thy going out, henceforth,
now, and forever more. Amen.

At the far end of the church, the VICAR stands before a small assembly of relatives and GODPARENTS. A MOTHER holds her BABY BOY in his white christening robe.

VICAR

Dearly beloved, ye have brought
this child here to be baptized.
I demand therefore, do ye, in
the name of this child, renounce
the Devil and all his works, so
that ye will not follow nor be
led by them?

GODPARENTS

I renounce them all.

The Vicar steps forward and takes the baby boy from his Mother.

VICAR

Name this child.

MOTHER

(timidly)

Alexander David.

The Vicar carries the Baby to the font:

VICAR

I baptize thee Alexander David,
in the name of the Father, and
of the Son, and of the Holy
Ghost, Amen.

The Vicar turns the baby slightly to one side of the assembly. As he does so, the CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON his left hand, cupped beneath the Baby's head. With his right hand he sprinkles the Baby with water. The Baby begins to scream. The ASSEMBLY smile at each other.

VICAR

We receive this child into
the congregation of Christ's
flock, and do sign him with
the sign of the cross --

The Vicar makes the sign of the cross with holy water on the Baby's face. The crying has stopped.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

158

Damien sits alone at the head of the dining table, watching television on a color set enclosed within an antique cupboard. His Man Servant pours him a glass of wine at the beginning of his solitary evening meal.

TV ANNOUNCER

(voice over)

...Starting on BBC-2 in a few moments, Part Six of Thomas Hardy's 'Jude the Obscure.' Here on one, it's time for another edition of 'World in Focus,' introduced by Kate Reynolds.

The signature tune of "World in Focus" overlaps the f.g. dialogue between Damien and the Man Servant.

MAN SERVANT

Lord Russell sent up a brace of grouse this afternoon, sir, so I took the liberty of changing the menu accordingly.

DAMIEN

Thank you, George...I hope you and Mrs. Bristow will enjoy one of them yourselves.

MAN SERVANT

That's very good of you, sir.

While the Man Servant pours the wine from a decanter, Kate introduces her program.

KATE

(voice over; on TV)

Good evening, and tonight we're devoting the first part of our program to a bizzarre phenomena that's been puzzling police and doctors alike over the past week...

Damien watches the program with a detached air, savouring his wine as Kate continues.

KATE

(voice over)

...the mysterious deaths of dozens of baby boys in the kind of circumstances coroners are fond of terming 'misadventure'...

INT. DEAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

159

The program continues over another television set, watched by Dean and Barbara as they eat their less exotic evening meal. Barbara bottle feeds her baby boy as she watches.

KATE

(voice over)

In Greater London alone,
seventeen baby boys have
died in the past seven days,
while in the provinces,
Birmingham reports six dead,
Liverpool three, Manchester
four, Leeds two, Glasgow eight.

CAMERA FAVORS Barbara's growing concern as she watches the program.

KATE

(voice over)

These may not sound unduly
high figures, but nationwide
they represent a chilling
fifteen to twenty percent
rise in the infant mortality
rate. Details are still
sketchy at the moment, and no
clear pattern has yet emerged
-- except one. In every case,
the victim has been a baby boy.

BARBARA

(barely audible)

Oh, my God...

Barbara instinctively draws her baby closer to her. Dean watches her reaction with concern, but remains in control.

INT. CABLE STREET MISSION - NIGHT

160

The program continues in black and white, viewed by Father De Carlo on the small TV set in the basement of the Cable Street Mission.

KATE

(voice over on TV)

To throw further light on the
phenomena, I have in the studio
Dr. Richard Philmore from the
Ministry of Health and Social
Security...

Kate turns to DR. PHILMORE, the man seen leaving the Ministry (in SCENE 112).

Cont.

KATE
(voice over)
Tell me, Dr. Philmore, what
explanation can you offer
at this stage?

PHILMORE
(voice over; on TV;
guardedly)
Well, of course it's too soon
for us to make any definite
statement at this point in
time...

De Carlo's response to Philmore's evasive attitude is as
concerned as Kate's.

KATE
(voice over; on TV;
interrupting)
But you do admit there's been
a totally unexplained rise in
deaths among baby boys over the
past week?

PHILMORE
(voice over; on TV)
A rise, yes, indeed -- but
nothing compared to the rise
you'd expect to find during,
say, a flu epidemic.

Still with his eye on the TV, De Carlo gets to his feet,
gathers up some papers from the table, puts on his coat...

KATE
(voice over; on TV;
interrupting)
But we're not talking about an
epidemic -- we're talking about
drownings, household burns, car
accidents, suffocation, food
poisoning, electrocution -- I
mean...

De Carlo goes to the door, the TV set still running.

PHILMORE
(voice over; overlapping)
You'll forgive me if I speak
bluntly, but your kind of
scaremonger reporting is
exactly the kind of behavior
that brings the media into

PHILMORE (Cont.)
bad repute. It really is gross
irresponsibility to start
exaggerating the facts in order
to get yourself a story that
even the lowest Sunday newspaper
would think twice about before
printing.

The basement door slams shut.

EXT. TELEVISION CENTER - NIGHT

161

Kate leaves the main reception.

DOORMAN
Good night, Miss Reynolds.

KATE
(preoccupied)
'Night, Bill.

Kate walks across to her car, parked near the main gates.
It is now late at night, the studio almost deserted.

EXT. TELEVISION CENTER AND WOOD LANE - NIGHT

162

Shooting through the railings, Kate reverses her car out
of its parking space, and drives out of the studio through
the security gate.

EXT. KATE'S FLAT - NIGHT

163

Kate leaves her parked car and walks up the steps to her
flat. She pauses by the front door to look for her key
in her bag. Suddenly a hand touches her shoulder --

DE CARLO
(voice over)
Miss Reynolds?

Kate turns with a start to find De Carlo standing on the
pavement behind her.

DE CARLO
I need to talk to you urgently,
Miss Reynolds...it's about
your program -- about the deaths.

Kate recovers her poise.

KATE
A protest march of one? How
disappointing.

DE CARLO

On the contrary, I congratulate
you on your perceptiveness.

Cont.

KATE

A protest march of one? How disappointing.

DE CARLO

On the contrary, I congratulate you on your perceptiveness.

KATE

Well?

De Carlo glances nervously about him.

DE CARLO

May we talk inside?

KATE

I'm sorry, er...?

DE CARLO

Father De Carlo.

KATE

I've had a long day, Father. If you'd like to call my secretary at the studio and make an appointment, I'd be happy to...

DE CARLO

(interrupting)

It's a matter of the utmost urgency, Miss Reynolds.

Kate looks at him a moment, then unlocks the door.

KATE

But keep your voice down
...my son's asleep.

De Carlo follows Kate indoors, closing the door behind them.

INT. KATE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

164

De Carlo sits opposite Kate in her living room: a hive of books, papers and research work.

Cont.

DE CARLO

'Then Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, according to the time of the birth of Jesus, which he had diligently enquired of the wise men'...

KATE

(irritably)

What are you talking about?

DE CARLO

You stated that the common factor about these killings is that all the victims have been baby boys. But there is another common factor, Miss Reynolds. All the boys were born between midnight and six A.M. on the morning of March 24th. Any boy still living born between those hours is in mortal danger -- if indeed he has not already been done to death.

KATE

You're suggesting they've been murdered?

DE CARLO

No, I'm not. I'm stating it as a fact.

KATE

But who on earth would want to do such a thing?

DE CARLO

He is born again, Miss Reynolds -- and so is the Antichrist, the Son of Satan, as foretold in the Book of Revelations...

KATE

I'm sorry, Father...I respect your faith, but I don't share it.

DE CARLO

You're not a practicing Christian?

KATE

I'm a practicing journalist, and the first rule in journalism is to be a Doubting Thomas. I need to see evidence with my own two eyes.

De Carlo opens his briefcase.

DE CARLO

Here is your evidence -- check them for yourself.

De Carlo hands Kate a sheaf of photocopied birth certificates.

DE CARLO

Copies of the dead boys' Birth Certificates from the Central Registry Office. In every case the child was born on the morning of March 24th.

Kate's skepticism begins to recede as she leafs through the documents.

DE CARLO

...Even if I can't appeal to your faith, I appeal to your logic: why else would someone want to destroy all children born on that date were it not in an effort to destroy one child in particular?

INT. KATE'S FLAT - PASSAGE - NIGHT

165

LONG SHOT: A darkened passage leading from Kate's bedroom to the living room, where the door is slightly ajar and De Carlo can be heard talking.

DE CARLO

(o.s.)

That child is our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ reborn, thus fulfilling his promise that in the end times he shall come again to deliver the world from the Antichrist.

Cont.

A thin shaft of light falls across the passage in f.g. as a door o.s. is quietly opened.

KATE

(o.s.)

And, er...who exactly is this Antichrist?

DE CARLO

(o.s.)

The American Ambassador, Damien Thorn.

De Carlo's statement is met by a brief silence, then a short, incredulous laugh from Kate.

As De Carlo continues o.s., the CAMERA BEGINS TO CREEP ALONG the passage TOWARDS the living room door, as if assuming P.O.V. of an intruder.

KATE

(o.s.)

Oh, but that's ridiculous... I know Damien!

DE CARLO

(o.s.)

You know the man, but not his soul.

THROUGH the chink in the living room door we see De Carlo and Kate, their backs TO CAMERA. De Carlo pauses, then leans forward and takes Kate's hand o.s.

INT. KATE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

166

De Carlo moderates his tone, holding Kate's hand and looking into her confused, apprehensive eyes.

DE CARLO

(quieter, slower)

Miss Reynolds, I am a religious man, not a fanatic. One of the commandments of our faith is that we shall not bear false witness against any man. If I held one shred of doubt about Damien Thorn, my faith would command me to remain silent. But I have watched him now for twenty-seven years, ever since his father came to our monastery

Cont.

DE CARLO (Cont.)
to seek help in destroying him.
I have watched him grow from a
boy into a man, seen him exterminate
all those who stood in his way...

CAMERA PANS OFF De Carlo and ONTO the door, slowly ZOOMING
IN ON Peter's eyes, visible through the chink.

DE CARLO
(o.s.)
You know Thorn the man. I
will leave you with our research
on him, but you must satisfy
yourself before reaching your
opinion. When you have done
so, I would urge you to contact
me at this address as soon as
possible, day or night.

Peter's eyes register De Carlo handing Kate a piece of paper.

SHOOTING FROM OVER Peter's shoulder, De Carlo gets to his
feet and Peter moves silently o.s.

KATE
(pensively)
I can't promise you anything,
Father. You say I know only
Damien the man, not his soul.
But if I don't even know my
own soul, how can I see into
his?

De Carlo smiles.

DE CARLO
Only God can show you that.
(pause)
There is, however, one outward
sign that identifies him as
the Antichrist. You will find
it in the Book of Revelations;
you will also find it on Thorn
himself...under his hair, the
birthmark of the Devil: '666.'
(pause)
Good night, Miss Reynolds...and
may God guide your decision.

Cont.

De Carlo goes to the door, leaving Kate alone with the research material. A pause, then she picks up one of the folders and starts to leaf through, her instinctive skepticism now displaced by a cold, creeping apprehension.

INT. KATE'S FLAT - PASSAGE - NIGHT 167

De Carlo walks along the passage to the stairs. As he passes OUT OF SHOT, CAMERA HOLDS ON Peter, watching him go through a thin crack in his bedroom door. A pause, then he closes the door.

INT. KATE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 168

Kate lies asleep on her bed, fully clothed, the eiderdown covered with De Carlo's folders and documents.

The door opens slightly and Peter enters the room. He creeps over to the bed, glances at the material, then spots a piece of paper lying on the bedside table. He goes over to the table, picks up the piece of paper, stares at it a moment, digesting the information.

(NOTE: This author singularly dislikes inserts, but if one is required, the information should read: "Father De Carlo, Cable Street Mission, 743 Cable Street, London, E.1. 273-1921").

OUT 169-
170

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAMIEN'S OFFICE - DAY 171

Damien sits at his desk, studying some paperwork, while Dean talks on the phone.

DEAN
(into phone)
Okay -- we'll get back to you.
(hangs up, turns
to Damien)
The Israelies are on to Schroeder
-- we've got to eliminate him now
before they make him talk.

DAMIEN
(without looking up)
Then do it.

DEAN
We can't get close to him -- he's
being held in Tel Aviv. You're
the only one who can do it, Damien.

Cont.

A pause.

DAMIEN
(firmly, without
looking up)
You'll take care of it.

DEAN
But I just told you, we...

DAMIEN
(interrupting)
And I told you that my force
would weaken for every day the
Nazarene lives.
(pause)
How many boys are left?

DEAN
Only one or two.

DAMIEN
Including your son?

DEAN
My son? Hey now wait a minute.
I already told you, he was born
March 23. Believe me, Damien,
he's...

DAMIEN
(interrupting flatly)
Destroy the Nazarene -- then I'll
believe you.

The private phone rings on Damien's desk, and Dean --
welcoming the distraction -- answers it.

DEAN
(into phone)
Yes?

Dean pauses for the SOUND of phone box pips, followed by an
inaudible voice.

DEAN
(confused)
Who is this?

A pause, then Dean, somewhat surprised, covers the mouthpiece
and turns to Damien:

Cont.

DEAN

It's Kate Reynolds' son calling
from a coin box. How the hell
did he get this number?

DAMIEN

(taking phone
from Dean)

Because I gave it to him.

(into phone)

Hello, Peter?

A pause as Damien listens to Peter. Dean responds to Damien's
warmth with growing concern.

DAMIEN

(into phone)

Well done, Peter. Now listen
carefully, I want you to follow
him wherever he goes -- but make
sure he doesn't see you.

(pause)

Right, call me later when you've
found out.

Damien hangs up.

DEAN

Be careful, Damien -- his mother
was on the phone this morning,
wanting to see you. I managed
to stall her, but...

DAMIEN

Why didn't you tell me? I want
to talk to her.

DEAN

That woman's dangerous, Damien.
Her TV story's already stirred
up enough...

DAMIEN

(interrupting)

I decide who's dangerous and who
isn't. Now get her on the phone,
tell her I'll see her tomorrow --
up at the house. But don't
mention anything about Peter.

Dean shrugs.

DEAN

You're the boss.

EXT. CABLE STREET MISSION - DAY

172

Peter stands by a fish and chip stall, tucking into a bag of chips and reading "The Beano" comic. Occasionally he glances across the road at the Cable Street Mission on the other side.

Presently De Carlo emerges from the Mission. Peter picks up his school satchel and sets off after him at a leisurely pace, still engrossed in his Beano.

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE TUBE STATION - DAY

173

De Carlo enters the tube station, followed by Peter a short distance behind.

INT. TUBE - TRAVELLING SHOT - DAY

174

De Carlo sits in the tube train, reading a newspaper with a furtive eye on the rush hour passengers around him. Peter sits nearby on the opposite side, occasionally peering over the top of his Beano.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD TUBE STATION - DAY

175

De Carlo emerges from Hampstead Tube Station and hails a passing taxi. Peter comes out in time to see him step inside the taxi, which sets off down Hampstead Hill, its speed slowed down by the rush hour traffic.

Peter opens his satchel and takes out a pair of roller skates. He straps them on his feet, then skates off down the steep pavement in pursuit of the taxi.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD - STREET CORNER - DAY

176

The taxi turns off the main hill into a residential street. Moments after it has driven o.s. Peter hoves INTO VIEW on his roller skates and follows the taxi round the corner.

EXT. DEAN'S HOME - HAMPSTEAD - LONG SHOT - DAY

177

De Carlo pays off the taxi, parked outside a fashionable terraced house set back from the road.

In f.g. Peter skates INTO SHOT at a casual pace, still reading his Beano comic. He watches as De Carlo walks up the path of the door, rings on the bell.

Peter moves closer as the door is opened by Barbara, holding her baby. De Carlo talks to Barbara, but we cannot hear the conversation -- only the look of concern on Barbara's face. She ushers De Carlo into the house, closes the door behind him.

In f.g. Peter takes out a Boy Scout Tracking Log, notes down the house number and street, then resumes his comic.

EXT. BROCKET HALL - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Damien and Kate stroll across the front lawn of Brocket Hall. The SCENE, in terms of setting and CAMERA ANGLES, evokes memories of Damien's childhood.

DAMIEN

You know something? If ever I became President of the United States, the first thing I'd do would be to move this place -- lock, stock, and memories -- back to the U.S.A.

KATE

(lightly)

I'd be the first one to stop you. You've taken London Bridge, you've taken the Queen Mary -- soon we'll have nothing left but the fog... and even that's pretty thin on the ground these days.

(pause)

Why are you so fond of England?

DAMIEN

Oh, I don't know. I believe that one's heart lies where one's childhood lies, and as mine's buried here, England's my Land of Lost Content. I guess if my father had been Ambassador to Greenland, I'd have retraced his footsteps there and now be living in an igloo. I spent some of the happiest days of my life here. It was a time of real innocence for me, before I knew...

(looks at her

a moment, then

smiles; lightly)

Come on, I'll show you the river where Old Nick hides out.

KATE

(reacting)

Old who?

DAMIEN

(without turning)

You heard.

Damien leads the way down the garden path toward the fields beyond.

EXT. BROCKET HALL - RIVER AND WEIR - DAY

Damien and Kate lean over a broken fence by the edge of a small weir. Damien points to the cascading water.

DAMIEN

He's under there somewhere, lurking in the shadows ready to pounce...Biggest pike you ever saw -- he must be at least forty by now. We first met when I was about four; I was sitting on the bank, dangling my feet in the water, and Old Nick introduced himself by jumping up and biting through my big toe. We've been on intimate terms ever since.

KATE

You know that Old Nick's a name for the devil in England?

DAMIEN

Sure I know. What else would you christen one of God's creatures who bites a little boy's toe?

KATE

(matter-of-factly)

Do you believe in God?

Damien watches the water, looking for the pike.

DAMIEN

I think you know the answer to that question.

(pointing)

Look -- there he goes...

Kate leans forward over the broken fence, searching the tumbling water below.

KATE

Where?

DAMIEN

Down there --

From Damien's P.O.V., the dark shadow of a massive pike looms beneath the surface of the water.

Cont.

Kate leans further forward: suddenly the fence gives way with a sharp crack, collapsing into the weir; Kate falls with it, but manages to cling on to a stump with one hand.

A brief pause, an INTERCUT of expression: Kate helpless, imploring; Damien impassive, watching. The moment is reminiscent of "The Omen" when Damien's mother clung to the balustrade before plunging to the floor.

Damien smiles. He kneels down, grips her wrist with both hands and hauls her to safety.

In TIGHT TWO-SHOT, Kate gazes at Damien, trying to fathom his mind. A long pause, then Damien helps her to her feet.

DAMIEN

Come on, let's get you some dry clothes.

As they walk away in LONG SHOT, Kate tucks her arm around his.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - HALLWAY - DUSK

180

LONG SHOT: The empty hall. The front door opens, and Dean enters, returning home from work. He passes the door to the living room, and calls out to Barbara, as of habit --

DEAN

Hi, honey.

Dean goes upstairs without waiting for a reply.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - STUDY - DUSK

181

Dean enters his study, reacting in stunned amazement to the sight in front of him --

DEAN

What on earth...

Barbara is sitting in his chair, her baby boy in her arms. The filing cabinet has been broken open, and the whole room is strewn with papers. As Dean walks towards her, Barbara clutches her baby tightly to her.

BARBARA

Don't you come anywhere near him -- murderer!

DEAN

Have you gone crazy?

Cont.

Dean approaches her, and Barbara grabs a knife from the table --

BARBARA
(blazing)
Lay one finger on him, and
I'll butcher you -- just as
you butchered all these
children --

Barbara holds up a fistful of Xeroxed birth certificates.

BARBARA
A priest came by this afternoon
-- came to warn me that
Damien Thorn's the Antichrist,
and he'll murder my baby just as
he's killed all the others born
the same day.

DEAN
You believe some religious
nutter who...

BARBARA
(interrupting)
No...I found the proof for
myself.

Suddenly Barbara breaks down, dropping the knife and appealing to Dean's emotions.

BARBARA
For the love of God, Harvey...
you've got to help him destroy
Damien. He says you can do it...
Damien trusts you. Please,
Harvey -- get in contact with him.
For the love of God, Harvey --
for the love of our son...

Barbara clutches at Dean, weeping uncontrollably on his shoulder. Dean says nothing: too shaken by his wife's knowledge, too shaken by his own dormant fears.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DRAWING ROOM - DUSK

182

Kate sits by a blazing fire, wearing some of Damien's old clothes; a floppy jersey and a pair of baggy corduroy trousers.

Damien walks over with two glasses, hands her one. Their conversation is intentionally lightweight, evasive.

Cont.

DAMIEN
(handing her drink)
Scotch and Coke...it's enough
to make Johnny Walker turn in
his grave. How can you drink
it?

KATE
I can't when it's got ice
in it.

Kate scoops out the ice, throws it in the fire.

DAMIEN
Never understood why you English
are so prejudiced against ice.

KATE
Oh, we've been off ice ever
since the Titanic went down.

Damien smiles.

DAMIEN
I met a woman once who'd been
on the Titanic. She said she
knew it was doomed before it
even set sail.

KATE
Then why did she go?

DAMIEN
Why does anyone tempt fate?
It's in man's nature, the urge
to challenge the gods to destroy
him...before he destroys himself.

A pause. Kate fingers her glass in thought, then looks
Damien in the eye.

KATE
Who are you, Damien?

A pause.

DAMIEN
Shall I tell you now? Or
shall we have dinner first.

INT. BROCKET HALL - PASSAGE - NIGHT

183

The Rotweiller Dog lies asleep on the floor outside Damien's
bedroom, guarding the closed door. From beyond it we hear

the somewhat familiar female moans of sexual intercourse. As they intensify, the Dog opens its eyes, slowly, begins to pant.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 184

Kate lies underneath Damien, gripping his hair, wildly searching his eyes as he makes love to her in a conventional fashion.

Suddenly he stops, pulls away from her as she verges on the brink of orgasm.

KATE

No, Damien...don't stop!

Damien grits his teeth, shaking his head as if gripped by some physical pain, some mental anguish.

KATE

What is it, Damien? Oh, Damien
-- please...

DAMIEN

(to himself)
Can't...

KATE

What's the matter?

DAMIEN

No good...can't love...won't
love --

KATE

Yes, love me, Damien.

Damien pauses a moment, then suddenly grips her shoulder.

DAMIEN

You want to see what I see?

KATE

I want you.

Damien hesitates, then takes her by both shoulders and turns her over on the bed, so that she is now lying face down. In LOW ANGLE UP-SHOT, Damien mounts her from behind; as he penetrates her, she cries out, gripping the bedposts with both hands. The CAMERA REMAINS oblique THROUGHOUT the SCENE: there are no explicit angles, no gratuitous indulgences.

KATE

You're hurting me, Damien --
no Damien --

DAMIEN
(ignoring her)
Pain conquers all things --
Birth is pain, death is pain,
beauty is pain --

KATE
Love me, Damien --

DAMIEN
I give you my pain, for love
to is pain...

Damien looks upward, the CAMERA MOVING IN ON his face as
he appeals to Satan --

DAMIEN
Show her true pain, father --
not the shallow thorns of earthly
torment, but the raptures of
divinest anguish!

Kate's cries of pain are overlapped by the ambiguous growl
of an animal...

SHARP CUT TO:

107

EXT. BROCKET HALL - FRONT LAWN - DAWN

185

Brocket Hall, in the first light of dawn. A stillness pervades the garden: no sound, no movement.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DINING ROOM - DAWN

186

The blazing fire of the previous night is now nothing but a mound of embers, the room as silent as the grave.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

187

A thin, cold light filters into the stillness. Kate lies face down on the bed, naked, her arms hanging limp over the end, her back bruised and scarred by fingernails.

Presently she stirs, opening her eyes to the memory of the previous night. She glances about the room, but there is no sign of Damien.

INT. BROCKET HALL - PASSAGE - DAWN

188

The passage is in semidarkness. A door opens at the far end and Kate appears, dressed in Damien's old clothes. She walks toward us, moving unsteadily, glancing down corridors that lead off to the left and right.

KATE

(a whisper)

Damien...?

Kate notices a door NEAR CAMERA, slightly ajar.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S CHAPEL - DAWN

189

Kate opens the door into Damien's chapel. It is in almost total darkness, the only light coming from the passage beyond her.

KATE

Damien?

Kate turns to leave, then notices something. CAMERA CRANES DOWN as she enters the room, HOLDING ON the f.g. figure of Damien in CLOSEUP. He is lying on the floor, curled up naked in a fetal position like a sleeping dog. Kate approaches him slowly, puzzled rather than afraid. She kneels down beside him.

KATE

(in a whisper)

Damien...

Cont.

Kate puts her arms around him, strokes his hair. She looks down at the parting in his hairline, hoping against hope that the mark won't be there.

EXTREME CLOSEUP: The Mark of the Beast, "666" embedded in Damien's skin at the root of his hair. CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK TO INCLUDE Kate, the tears running down her face as she strokes his hair back to cover the mark.

LOW ANGLE: Kate gets up and walks slowly away to the door. CAMERA REMAINS IN LOW ANGLE ON Damien. A pause, then he opens his eyes.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - LOBBY - DAY

190

A gathering of PRESSMEN stand near the elevator, firing questions at a haggard Dean.

1ST PRESSMAN

Was Schroeder on the Thorn payola
or not?

DEAN

(fumbling and
evasive)

I'm sorry, gentlemen, no comment.

Dean presses the button for the elevator.

2ND PRESSMAN

Why can't we talk to Ambassador Thorn?

DEAN

Because the Ambassador's unavailable
at the present time...he's not
even here at the Embassy, he...

1ST PRESSMAN

(interrupting)

Where is he?

DEAN

(evasively)

When the Ambassador's ready to
make a statement, we'll let you
know.

Despite further protests, Dean steps into the elevator.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAMIEN'S OFFICE - DAY

191

Dean opens the door, reacts to Damien's presence in the office.

Cont.

DEAN
(surprised)
Damien...but I thought you were
up at the house.

Damien sits at his desk without reply. Dean fumbles for words -- any words to avoid the issue on Damien's mind.

DEAN
The press are going crazy for
a statement on Schroeder...
I guess I can hold them off
until I've talked to Buher,
but you're gonna have to...

DAMIEN
(interrupting)
What was De Carlo doing at
your house yesterday?

DEAN
Who?

DAMIEN
Knock if off, Dean. Just give
me the truth.

DEAN
That is the truth -- I've never
heard of him before in my...

DAMIEN
(calling)
Peter!

A side door opens, and Peter enters the room. He seems changed, like a person under mild hypnosis.

DAMIEN
Go ahead, Peter.

Peter takes out his Scout Tracking Log, referring to it as he talks in a mechanical tone.

PETER
At half past three yesterday
afternoon I saw the priest
called De Carlo go to
144 Abbey Crescent, where he
spent an hour and twenty-two
minutes talking to the wife of
Mr. Dean.

Cont.

DEAN
(panicking)
Listen, Damien, I didn't know
he was -- I mean Barbara never
told me she...

DAMIEN
(interrupting
flatly)
Destroy your son.

DEAN
What?

DAMIEN
There's only one boy left, and
that's your son. Destroy him --
or be destroyed.

Dean backs away.

DEAN
No, I...no -- no -- Damien --
for God's sake...

Dean starts to back away towards the door.

DAMIEN
'And God said unto Abraham, 'Take
now thy son, thine only Issac,
whom thou lovest, and offer him
for a burnt offering.'...If Abraham
was ready to slay his own son for
the love of his God, why won't you
do the same for the love of mine?'

Suddenly Dean turns and bolts from the room, though Damien
makes no effort to prevent him. A pause.

PETER
Aren't you going to stop him?

DAMIEN
There's no need.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN/DINING AREA - DAY

192

Dean's Baby Boy lies asleep in his pram under the window,
enjoying the afternoon sun. Barbara stands nearby ironing
baby clothes with a steam iron. Presently we hear the
familiar pant of the Rotweiller Dog, o.s. Barbara swings
round to see the Dog with its front paws on the window ledge,
staring down at her baby.

Cont.

BARBARA

Get out of it!

The Dog turns its gaze onto her, freezing her with its eyes, then jumps down and disappears from view.

Barbara trembles a moment, then glances across at her Baby.

From Barbara's P.O.V.: the Baby remains asleep, its face pressed down against the pillow. Barbara walks over and lifts the Baby from its pram.

Cont.

BARBARA

It's okay, honey -- he's gone
now, he won't...

Barbara breaks off as she reacts to its face: no longer a baby, but a wizened creature resembling an embalmed body, its eyes sunken, its skin like parchment. As with the monks in Scotland, Barbara's apparition is strictly in the eye of the beholder.

Instead of screaming, Barbara utters a series of staccato cries, as if in the grips of an epileptic fit. She backs away from her Baby, whom we now see to be perfectly normal. Barbara's hand involuntarily searches for a weapon...It comes to rest on the handle of the steam iron.

EXT. DEAN'S HOME - DAY

193

A smart BMW screeches to a halt outside the house, and Dean jumps out. He runs up the pathway, fumbles for his keys.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

194

Dean enters the house, pausing as he senses the eerie stillness.

DEAN

Barbara...?

Dean moves along the hallway and into the living room.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

195

Dean walks through the empty room, glancing about him, then sees Barbara in the room beyond the open doorway. She is standing at the ironing board, her back to CAMERA.

INT. DEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN/DINING AREA - DAY

196

Dean enters the room, but Barbara remains with her back to him. He glances about, yet all seems to be in order.

DEAN

What's the matter, didn't you
hear me? I want you to start
packing -- we're getting out
of...

As Dean reaches Barbara, she suddenly spins round on him: a wild, demented creature, her hand clutching the steam iron, her eyes tortured, insane.

Cont.

With a demonic shriek, Barbara lunges at him with the steam iron, plunging the pointed end into his eye socket. Dean's agonized scream is overlapped by the hissing iron as the heated metal evaporates his eye in a belch of steam. The force of Barbara's blow pins him against the wall, her body masking his face. As she withdraws the iron, we catch a glimpse of her victim: one side of Dean's face bears the imprint of the iron's surface, the lived skin dove-tailing into the remnants of his eye socket. Dean's lifeless body slithers to the floor, the shattered socket weeping matter from the nether regions of his brain in a tear-like trickle down his blistered cheek.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIOS - STUDIO 4 - NIGHT

197

HIGH SHOT: SHOOTING DOWN ONTO the studio from the lighting gantry: Kate sits at her anchor desk on the "World in Focus" set, tidying up her papers after the evening's broadcast. One or Two Technicians call out "Good night" as they leave the studio.

At ground level, Kate finishes tidying away her papers. She pauses a moment, evidently preoccupied and apprehensive.

SECURITY MAN

(o.s.; calling out)

Ten o'clock, Miss Reynolds --
locking up in five minutes.

KATE

(calling)

Coming.

The set lights are turned off, leaving only a few house lights on in the gantry high above.

DE CARLO

(o.s.)

Miss Reynolds...

Kate reacts with a slight start as De Carlo steps out of the shadows, in front of her.

KATE

(sharply)

What are you doing here?

DE CARLO

You saw him, didn't you,
Miss Reynolds. You know Thorn's
the Antichrist so why are you
protecting him?

Cont.

KATE

Either you get out of here now,
or I call Security.

Kate gets up from desk, starts to walk away.

DE CARLO

Your son, Miss Reynolds...where
is he?

KATE

(without turning)
In bed and asleep of course.
Now if...

DE CARLO

(interrupting)
No, Miss Reynolds, he is not.
Your son is with Damien Thorn.

Kate pauses, looks back at De Carlo questioningly.

Cont.

DE CARLO

With him, Miss Reynolds, in body and soul. Your son has become an apostle of the Antichrist. You think Peter's been in school for the past three days? Check with the school if you don't believe me. He's been working for Thorn as his disciple in evil, conspiring to murder the Christ Child. They won't succeed. The Holy Child is beyond his powers now. He is safe...but your child is not. There's only one way to save your son, Miss Reynolds, and that's by destroying the Antichrist -- with this.

De Carlo pulls out the last of the surviving crucifix daggers. Kate looks at it, still confounded by De Carlo's words.

KATE

You're asking me to....?

DE CARLO

No, Miss Reynolds...that is to be my sacred task. But if you value your son's immortal soul, you must help me carry it out.

SECURITY MAN

(o.s.; calling)

Hurry along, Miss Reynolds -- we're locking up!

KATE

(calling)

Be out in a moment.

(to De Carlo,
flatly)

I'm going home to my son.

DE CARLO

Then I beg you to let me come with you...there'll be no time to lose when you find he's not there.

Kate walks away, slowly, but without comment. De Carlo follows after her.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

198

Damien stands before the inverted crucifix, addressing the tortured figure of Christ. Peter stands to one side, gazing up at Damien, his eyes filled with worship.

DAMIEN

(a confident
smile)

So you think you've won, do
you? You've watched me slay
a hundred children in your
place, and never lifted a finger
to save them. Ah, but that's
been your game all along,
hasn't it...playing hide and go
seek across the ages. Well now
the game's up...

(looks at Peter,
then back at
Christ)

'Suffer the little children
to come unto me'...Your words,
Nazarene, not mine.

Damien holds out his hand to Peter, then looks up at the Satan effigy far above.

DAMIEN

O Satan, beloved father, the
victory is thine! All praise
to thee, for thou hast delivered
this virgin child unto me that I
may be brought face to face with
the Nazarene at last.

EXT. BROCKET HALL - MAIN GATES - NIGHT

199

Kate pulls up outside the main gates of Brocket Hall, winds down her window as the SECURITY GUARD comes forward from the lodge.

SECURITY GUARD

Go right on up, Miss Reynolds --
the Ambassador's expecting you.

The Security Guard presses his radio control, opening the gates for Kate to drive through.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

199-A

Damien turns back to Peter, kneels to his level, holding him by his hands.

Cont.

DAMIEN

Now I want you to listen to me,
Peter -- listen carefully. Your
mother's on her way up here to
take you away from me...

PETER

(interrupting)

No, Damien -- don't send me back
to her.

DAMIEN

Don't worry...from this moment
on, you belong to me.

EXT. BROCKET HALL - MAIN GATES - NIGHT

200

Kate pulls up outside Brocket Hall, gets out of the car. The
front door is open, but there's no sign of anyone.

INT. BROCKET HALL - DAMIEN'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

201

Damien takes Peter aside, cupping his head with his hands.

DAMIEN

The Christian Faith has
Ten Commandments. I have only
one. Say it now, and we two
shall become as one.

Peter looks Damien straight in the eyes.

PETER

I love you.

DAMIEN

Beyond all others.

PETER

Beyond all others.

DAMIEN

Beyond life itself.

KATE

(o.s., calm but
firm)

I'm here to make the deal,
Damien.

Damien betrays the trace of a smile, but without turning to
acknowledge Kate, who is standing behind them.

Cont.

DAMIEN

Where is he?

KATE

Give me back my son, I will
lead you to him.

PETER

No, Damien -- I'm not her son...
I belong to you.

Damien pauses, then turns to Kate.

DAMIEN

Okay...lead us to the Nazarene
first, then you can have Peter
back.

PETER

No, Damien -- it's a trick.

DAMIEN

Not if she wants her son back
it isn't.

A pause.

KATE

(weakens)

All right.

Damien takes Peter by the hand, leads him to the door.

DAMIEN

Let's go.

As Kate turns to follow them, she looks up at the crucified
Christ.

KATE

(an anguished whisper)

If you can help me, help me
now.

A pause, then Kate turns and follows Damien and Peter from the
chapel.

HOLD A BEAT.

EXT. FOUNTAINS ABBEY - NIGHT

202

FULL SHOT: Fountains Abbey, a vast, ruined cathedral, silhouetted stark against the pre-dawn sky. The Abbey is symbolic of the crumbling Christian faith, its windows gutted, its roof a vaulted canopy of stars.

Presently the headlights of a car appear along the narrow country lane leading to the Abbey.

The car turns into the field and pulls up a short distance away from the deserted ruins.

Kate gets out of the car, followed by Damien and Peter, who have ridden together in the backseat. Kate looks anxiously about her, then turns to Damien:

KATE

Please, Damien...let me go
on ahead.

DAMIEN

We all go together.

KATE

Trust me, Damien...I just
want to make sure that...

Cont.

PETER
(interrupting)
No, don't trust her!

Damien grips tightly onto Peter's hand.

DAMIEN
(to Kate)
You lead the way.

Kate has little alternative but to lead Damien and Peter towards the main entrance to the Abbey: a massive oak door, with a smaller one set into it.

As Kate approaches, she glances furtively about the outcrops of fallen masonry.

Kate reaches the main oak door and turns back to Damien.

KATE
In there.

DAMIEN
Open the door.

Kate turns the handle of the door. As she does so, she spots De Carlo emerging from behind one of the fallen pillows.

KATE
(a cry)
No, Father...!

Damien spins round to see De Carlo bearing down on him, dagger upraised. Without a moment's hesitation, Damien grabs Peter by the waist and holds him in the air like a human shield. Too late to stop himself, De Carlo plunges the dagger into Peter's back.

KATE
(screaming)
Peter!

His usefulness expended, Damien casts Peter aside, then grabs at De Carlo, hurling him against the wall of the Abbey and holding him by the throat.

Kate rushes to Peter's side in near hysteria:

KATE
Oh, my darling...don't leave
me! Peter...don't die, don't...

Peter opens his eyes, as if in a dream.

Cont.

PETER
(murmuring)
I love you...
(pause)
Beyond life itself, I love you,
Damien...

Kate grips at Peter as his eyes close with a smile:

KATE
No, Peter...no!

As if prompted by Peter's words, Kate's anguish suddenly turns to revenge. She pulls out the dagger from Peter's back, turns, and with one lightning strike, hurls herself at Damien, plunging the dagger deep into his spine.

KATE
(screaming)
You bastard!

Damien utters a palpable moan -- the grunt of a stricken beast -- his hands letting go of De Carlo as he tries to grab hold of the dagger in his back. But the blade is buried to the hilt. He turns to the door of the Abbey and staggers towards it.

INT. FOUNTAINS ABBEY - NIGHT

203

The door bursts open as Damien stumbles into the vastness of the Abbey. For a moment he stands alone amid the towering ruins, probing the darkness for his prey.

DAMIEN
Where are you, Nazarene? Come
out and face your destiny, as I
face mine!

Silence.

DAMIEN
(louder)
Do you hear me, Nazarene?

As if in answer, the Christ Child Theme Fades gently in, the shimmering, harmonic chord of tranquility.

DAMIEN'S P.O.V.: In EXTREME LONG SHOT, at the far end of the Abbey, a light seems to glow in the darkness, a nebulous source of energy.

REVERSE SHOT: In f.g. the glow forms a hazy circle of light, a diffused halo circling the SCREEN. Through it, in LONG SHOT we see Damien stagger towards it, his arms outstretched. Suddenly he freezes, gripped in a spasm of pain and anguish.

Cont.

LOW ANGLE: Damien lifts his face towards the night sky above him.

DAMIEN
(an agonized cry)
Sa-tan! Why hast thou deserted
me?

Damien's cry of desolation echoes through the Abbey ruins.
A pause, then he slumps to his knees:

DAMIEN
It's over, Father...
(face uplifted)
Receive me back into thy
paradise!

With a final convulsion, Damien falls forward, the dagger wedged deep in his back. Beyond his prostrate form, the nebulous source of light continues to glow at the far end of the Abbey.

EXT. FOUNTAINS ABBEY - DAWN (SFX)

204

EXTENDED ZOOM, SHOOTING DOWN FROM the top of the Abbey. In MEDIUM SHOT Kate kneels beside the body of her son, cradling him in her arms, while De Carlo forms a sign of the Cross over his forehead.

CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK, the THREE SILENT FIGURES growing smaller and smaller as the ZOOM RECEDES. As it does so, the Abbey walls and windows begin to cast long shadows across the field, as if the light source within the Abbey were growing brighter. De Carlo and Kate look towards the Abbey, but they are now too far away for us to see their reaction. As the contrast between shadow and light grows stronger, so does the Christ Child Theme, building in volume as the CAMERA ZOOMS BACK TO its full extent.

CAMERA HOLDS IN EXTREME LONG SHOT as Kate lifts Peter in her arms and slowly begins to walk with De Carlo towards the Abbey doors.

END TITLES BEGIN AS Kate and De Carlo leave SHOT BELOW us, CAMERA HOLDING ON the full shadow of the Abbey stretching out across the fields and beyond.

It is probably the dawn.

FADE OUT

THE END